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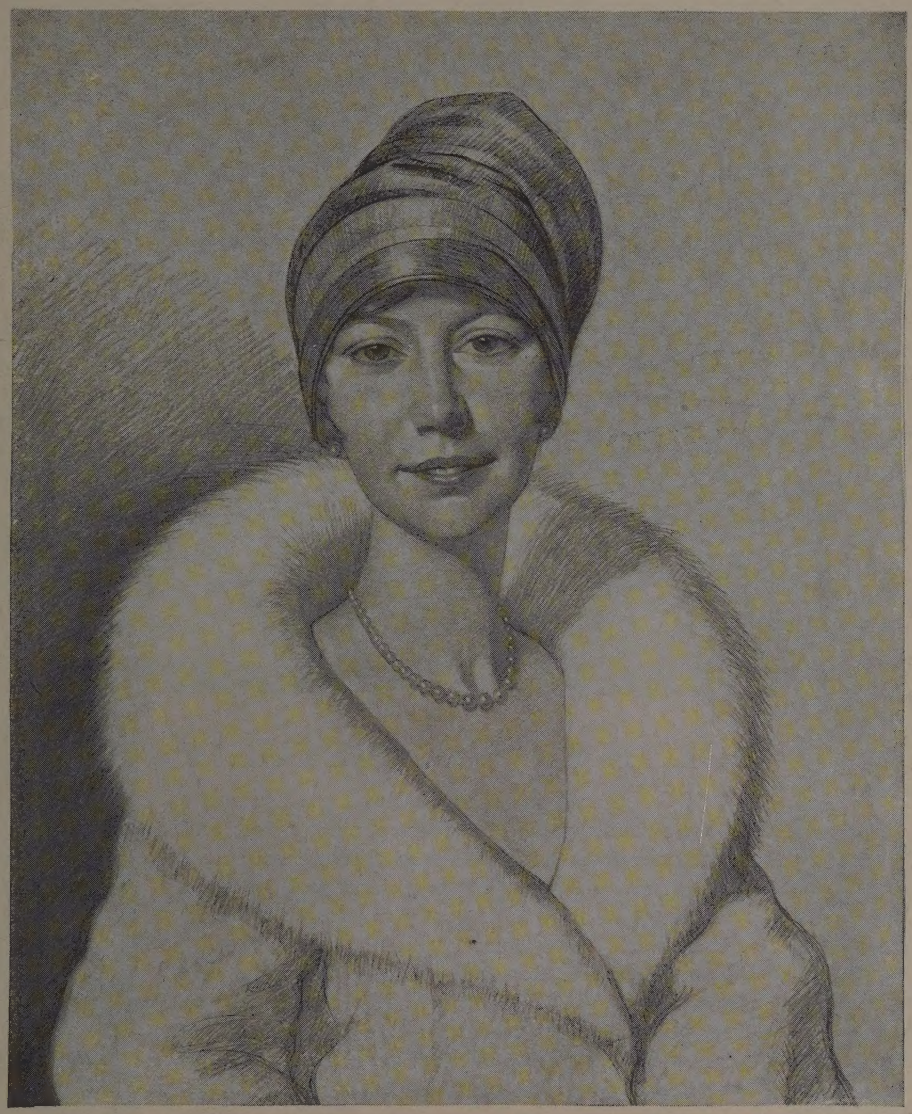

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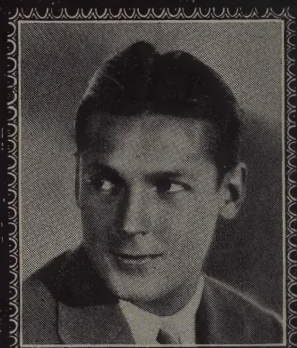
GEORGE O'BRIEN



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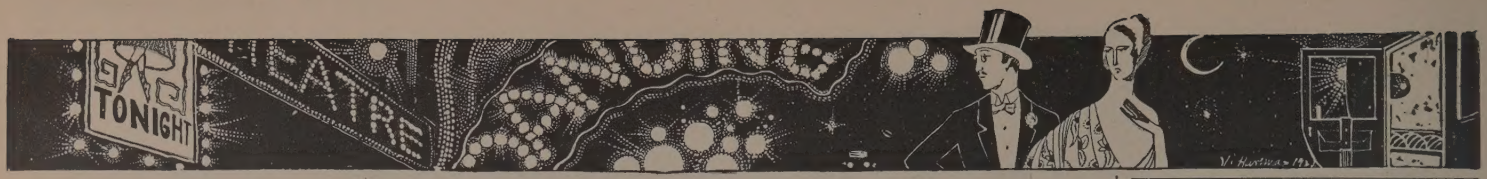

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Traveling with the Stars

In London—With JANE COWL

THE days and nights of a vacation period, with ecstatic memories of blue Italian skies, of idle hours on the Riviera, the gorgeous lassitude of Gondola driftings on the Grand Canal, the thrills and tremors at first glimpses of spots hallowed with historic traditions; hours of interest in impressive Cathedrals, famous museums and picture galleries where one is awed with the originals of masterpieces known hitherto only in descriptions and reproductions—these are all beautiful experiences of travel. Some of them do not cease to be any more thrilling or more beautiful no matter how often the visit is repeated. I have been to Napoleon's tomb many times but it is always a poignant experience. I cannot go to Westminister Abbey unmoved although my visits there are more than twice-told tales.

But when I went aboard the Mauretania in May it was with a different feeling from any I had previously experienced. I was not starting on a pleasure visit but going over to act abroad for the first time. I had known England for many years, for part of my vacations since I was a little girl have been spent in London and the English countryside. So when, after my arrival, I was repeatedly asked "Do you like England" and "Is it anything like what you expected." I could unhesitatingly answer "Yes," to both queries.

After a few crowded days in Paris and a few strenuous rehearsals in London I stood on the stage of the Opera House in Manchester awaiting the cue for my first entrance and my first appearance before a British audience. I can assure you that I was about as timorous as I have ever been in my life. However, there I was and it was up to me to do my best. Right to the minute of the final curtain, and throughout the entire week that we spent in the city on the Thames there seemed no reason to doubt the warmth of my welcome. But still London loomed before me.

The people of Manchester have a way of telling you, "What Manchester says to-day, London will say to-morrow." But that was not quite enough to dispel my fears.

What happened on my first night and on successive occasions in London was cabled to America long ago and has no bearing on my travel story. Suffice to say that it was heart-warming.

As I have previously suggested I went to London this time to work, with not as much time to play as on previous visits. But it is impossible to avoid the lure of the English countryside even if one wanted to—and I didn't.

During the week, I had few opportunities of getting away from London. But with an idle hour or two it is always possible to visit beautiful spots like

(*Continued on page* 76)

JANE COWL

On the balcony of her London home in Park Lane. This house now owned by Chief Justice and Lady Trevithin, was occupied for many years by Florence Nightingale

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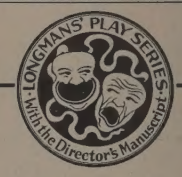

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LILLIAN GISH
in *Annie Laurie*

DECEMBER means Christmas. Christmas means presents. Presents mean expense and worry over choice of gift. Handkerchiefs, ties—ties, handkerchiefs. The donor gives. The recipient takes. There is no surprise, no thrill in the selection. A few days after the Holiday, the ties and handkerchiefs become just so many more in a collection. The art of giving lies in the grace of choice that will render a gift pleasant and fresh enough to last until the following Christmas. Your problem is solved. A subscription to THEATRE MAGAZINE is an ideal gift. There is something different and new each month. To quote an unsolicited letter from Robert H. Davis, who writes us from the West: "Theatre Magazine gives me all I want to know about the theatre." It is a link to Broadway for those who live out of town, and it is a guide for those in town, A MERRY CHRISTMAS! Say it with a subscription to THEATRE MAGAZINE!

THE labors of a dramatic critic do not end when his daily ctiticism is completed, nor even when he is homeward bound. He knows that when he reaches his palace of rest, there will be anywhere from 10 to 20 newly arrived manuscripts. They are sent to his home by his more intimate friends, those who have been there at least once—or else had the house pointed out to them. Besides, it adds a more personal note if the critic receives the invaluable play away from his office. That is not all. The hall-boy, who has just finished a story in the most widely circulated tabloid, has an idea for a melodrama that he would like to discuss with the critic. The elevator boy suggests "Ups and Downs of My Profession" as a play "that is a wow!" At last at home, in his apartment, the critic sits down to his reposeful dinner table awaiting the strange solace one receives from dumb food. And the maid, daintily uniformed, begins to serve the soup. "I won't bother you now, Sir," she says, "but when you are through, would you mind reading over my play—it's called 'The Traitor'." Gilbert Gabriel tells most entertainingly in our next issue how, during his spare time, when he is not a non-professional reader, he steals a few moments to review plays for the New York *Evening Sun*.

IS the cigarette-smoking, jazz-loving, cocktail-drinking girl more shocking than her mother, who, some years ago, to the mortification of her parents, donned (hush) bloomers and rode a bicycle? Is she, because she has liberated herself from a parasitic existence, more culpable than her feminine ancestors who sat around and waited "to be asked." The woman who works, to help her husband, so that they both may enjoy the better things, and so that she can understand the value of "earning money," is she censurable, as compared with the woman who idles her time at bridge and other card games? And is the superficially gay girl, who dares call Tom to take her here or there, boldly discusses the latest sex play and who chooses her friends, whether they be male or female, is she more immoral than her great grandmother, who did not know how to be friends with men—and to whom men meant but one thing? Noel Coward, the well-known English playwright, reveals "The Truth About Us Moderns," in our January Issue.

DID you know that many actresses became famous through "the bath?" And then some famous ones merely added to their fame, through variations on the theme of bathing. Anna Held, for instance, was renowned for her "milk bath." Sarah Bernhardt and actresses of to-day for their Bains de Champagne. Eleanora Duse, for her electrical bath. Then there was Joyce Hawley whose bath stunt led her to Court. In the next number of THEATRE MAGAZINE Thoda Cocroft amusingly cites many interesting instances in "Ladies Who Lave."

HAVE you ever arrived at the theatre, with just a minute or so to glance at the program, and find your fingers fumbling for the "cast and scenes." What do you strike, instead? The interminable list of "costumes by—— hats by—— etc." And the other pages just won't come. True enough that the producer spends much time and money providing this elucidating guide, that suggests, the moment the curtain arises and Mme. Joujou enters—that her every step is adorned by Stiller Brothers. That the finger she rudely points at the villain is bejewelled by Brilliant Frères. From her finger runs a dotted line. To what? The villain's moustache—and the program says—it is furnished by Sticker & Co. In fact, the hair of every actor and actress is supplied by this same, safe and secure Sticker. Don't miss Fred A. Austin's amusing article, "Propping Up a Program," appearing in the January number.

ONE knows what the trials and tribulations of a stage director are, but there are few of us acquainted with the experiences of a motion picture director. One doesn't dream when sitting calmly in a theatre, looking at a film, that the train in the picture did not stop when it was supposed to, and that an actor was actually hurt. Nor that the man who says he will go across Niagara Falls in a barrel if cameramen will take a picture of him, is inspired by vanity. In the January Issue, a few of the best directors of Hollywood will give you some of their experiences, through SCREENLAND.

FRANCES STARR will tell you in the next number of THEATRE MAGAZINE why the business and professional woman is never "on the shelf." The woman interested in business or in a profession, can never grow unattractive, since she possesses the creative spirit as long as her participation in creation endures. Her ever-blooming ideas reflect themselves on her face. Miss Starr is now appearing in THE SHELF.

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My conception of stage costuming.

The stage is a mirror of life. Therefore it ought to mirror life consistently in its costumes. Too often it does not. Many costumiers think that dresses for the spotlight have to be high-pitched and spectacular. But such dresses do not reflect actual life. In real life the woman of taste does not dress showily or eccentrically.

In my work for the stage I go squarely against this old tradition. For individual actresses and even for entire cast I design dresses that in materials, cuts, colors, and adornment are always of the sort the woman of fashion can wear anywhere.

And, of course, their design is "kinetic". That means that they are designed in motion, designed to express life that is lived today.

It means also that they frame and supplement character, from the demure frock for a flapper or the lightsome sport costume of the outdoor girl to the black-lace and jeweled creation for the sophisticated woman of the world.

lucien lelong

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Pub. Wallace - Paris.

THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XLIV. No. 309 DECEMBER, 1926

Photo Nicholas Haz

BILLIE BURKE

Will again charm and captivate Broadway's discriminating theatregoers this season, in a comedy under the joint management of her husband, Flo Ziegfeld, and Charles Dillingham

Florence Vandamm Studio

THE PRODUCERS. NO. 14: FLORENZ ZIEGFELD

A well-known and picturesque figure among theatre managers is Florenz Ziegfeld, the man who "glorified the American girl." His name will be associated perpetually, no doubt, with the Ziegfeld "Follies"—an American institution. A native of Chicago, his theatrical career began with an engagement with Buffalo Bill's Wild West, which he joined as a boy runaway. Later, he managed and publicized the first American tour of Sandow the strong man. Recently, he has augmented his "Follies" responsibilities by presenting Mrs. Ziegfeld (Billie Burke) in "Annie Dear," Eddie Cantor in "Kid Boots," and Leon Errol in "Louie the 14th." He promises about six new productions for the current season including Belle Baker in a musical play and Ethelind Terry in "Rio Rita"

THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XLIV. No. 309 ARTHUR HORNBLOW, *EDITOR-IN-CHIEF* DECEMBER, 1926

EDITORIAL BOARD: Gilbert Seldes, Ben Kaye, Lawton Mackall, Gordon Whyte, Burr Cook

The Editor's Uneasy Chair

See the Poor Player Well Bestowed

THE Actors Fund of America having started its million-dollar drive for a permanent endowment, it will be interesting to see how the public responds. Assuredly, help could hardly be given to a more deserving cause. All the world loves a player. We laugh with him, we weep with him. His gift of humor has helped many of us to forget our troubles. His dramatic genius has held millions spellbound. But the player is able to entertain and amuse us only when he is well. What of the day when, broken down in health, Pierrot can laugh no more? But, you say, actors today are handsomely paid. They receive large salaries. Why don't they save their money and thus ensure their future as men in other walks of life are compelled to do? Why? Because they are actors. The player is not a person of ordinary clay like you and me. His is the artistic temperament. If it were not, he wouldn't be an actor. The player cannot count on employment fifty-two weeks a year. He is engaged for the run of the play. This may mean two weeks or twenty weeks. Then the long summer of idleness. While money is being earned, he is generous to a fault. When evil days come, he is stranded. This, of course, does not apply to all actors. Many of the more important players, making big incomes, invest their money wisely. We seldom hear of any in this class coming to grief. We speak only of the rank and file of the profession, and it is these that the Actors Fund looks after with the tender solicitude of a mother.

The Fund was organized forty-four years ago by Joseph Jefferson, Lawrence Barrett, A. M. Palmer, Lester Wallack and other leaders of the American stage to take care of those actors who are ill, disabled, helpless, in all parts of the United States. It was thought at the start that its benefactions to needy players might eventually reach as large a sum as $15,000 a year. Since then the demands on the Fund have increased so enormously that its expenditures reach over $200,000 a year. Income is from annual benefits, donations, membership, and occasional bequests, but the total is not enough to cover an annual deficit of $35,000 to $45,000. In addition to burying about fifty actors a year and taking care of three hundred and more helpless players in hospitals and elsewhere, the Fund also has a comfortable Home on Staten Island where the aged Romeos and Juliets of the past are furnished a delightful haven for their declining years. It is also noteworthy that it costs the Fund only nine cents per dollar to dispense its charity. In other organizations, it often costs sixty per cent and higher. In other words, of one dollar you give, ninety-one cents goes to its object. All the officers give their services free. Its present president, Mr. Daniel Frohman, has devoted almost his entire time to it for the last quarter of a century.

The Fund receives occasional bequests from people not connected with the stage. General Rush Hawkins, a great lover of the theatre and friend of Edwin Booth, left the Fund $200,000, enabling it to establish the Endowment Fund which, it is hoped, can be increased to $1,000,000 by the present drive. Other private persons, who have given are: John D. Rockefeller, Jr., $25,000; Dr. O. M. Leiser, $5,000; "Diamond Jim" Brady, $10,000; Mrs. James Speyer, $2,500. When Mr. J. Fred Zimmerman, the Philadelphia theatre manager, died, he left his entire estate of $1,000,000 to be divided between the Actors Fund and the Edwin Forrest Home. The income from the estate was, however, left to Mr. Zimmerman's two sons during their lifetime, so it is not likely that the Fund will derive any benefit for the next twenty-five years. Other theatre folk who have given include George M. Cohan, $100,000; Clyde Fitch, $75,000; E. H. Sothern, $20,000.

Most of these bequests were made twenty years or more ago. Of late the givers have been very lax and yet the needs are great, and becoming every day greater. You who enjoy the theatre, you who have derived pleasure and profit from the player's talent, think of the destitute, suffering actor when making your will. Wealthy men often provide for donations for charities, but for some reason not easily explained, the Actors Fund has been ignored. It should be overlooked no longer. Your own sense of justice will tell you that the player should get his share of whatever you are able to set aside for philanthropy. Those in the profession itself—our wealthy producers, our prosperous playwrights—should set a good example. We hear every day of managers piling up huge fortunes with their theatre profits, of playwrights who become millionaires overnight with successful plays. Let these fortunate ones remember their less successful brother. What profiteth a man if he gain the whole world and loseth his soul?

They Say It With Flowers

IF Edouard Bourdet's play of lesbian love *The Captive*, now on view at the Empire Theatre, has done nothing else to justify its importation from Paris, there is one thing for which it must be given credit. It has revived here the waning interest in the language of flowers, at one time so popular with the be-crinolined, amiable readers of Godey's *Lady's Book*. As may be recalled, the masculine heroine is only spoken of in the play. At no time is she permitted to appear. When it becomes necessary to introduce the unseen woman she is represented on the stage by a symbol—a bunch of violets which is caressed by Irene as it lies on the table before her, or brought in at a critical moment. When Irene, torn between duty to her husband and her fatal fascination, is wavering within herself which road to follow, the maid enters with a box. Feverishly, Irene tears it open. Only too well she knows what it contains—a bunch of violets—a message she dare not disobey! She crushes the flowers to her breast, leaves her home forever, and flies to her lady love! Thus we have the innocent, sweet scented violet made the living symbol of the unspeakable sexual relation of which Sappho was the high priestess! The language of flowers in its purest, most poetic expression! Who but a boulevardier, with a sense of humor, would have thought of putting Nature's beautiful handiwork to so spiritual a use? One wonders how the florists and street vendors will like the advertisement.

A. H.

Photo by John Ellis

POET OF THE STAGE—AS A POET OF THE MIDDLE AGE

John Barrymore, in "The Beloved Rogue," will portray on the screen one of the world's richest personalities, François Villon—a great rogue, a greater hero and patriot—and greatest of all, a poet and lover, adored by all France. Even while in prison, and up 'til the moment before his death, Villon received "billets doux" from the fairest in the land. The film, released by United Artists, is based solely on his biography, which is replete with interesting anecdotes

My Escape from the Bedroom Plays

Favorite Broadway Comedian Lets You Into the Secret of Stage Humor

By JOHN CUMBERLAND

THOUGH it was most profitable, the "bedroom period" of my career is one that I am striving earnestly to forget. It is a period to which I never voluntarily refer. When I am questioned about it, I try to discourage its discussion by vague replies, or curt refusals to speak. My attitude depends entirely upon my interviewer.

My escape from bedroom plays, though planned with care and determination, was not as easily or readily accomplished as I expected it would be. I announced my intention to "quit bedrooms" several seasons ago. I proclaimed it by mail, through the press and by telephone, to all who I thought might be interested to know that, from then on, I would appear on the stage only in plays in which I could be fully, and conventionally, clad. No more pajamas, nightgowns or bath-robes for me—in public.

Nobody, I regret to state, took me seriously. One manager, upon receipt of my notification, wrote to me, saying, "Dear Johnnie; Note what you say. Am sending you the script of a farce in which you appear in the second act wearing only a bath towel." Another manager replied, "The day I received your note, a play was submitted to me which I'm sure would be a corking vehicle for you. In the second act you go in swimming near a girls' seminary, and while you are in the water, the girls run away with your clothing. I can't begin to describe what a riot the scene that follows will be, so am sending the manuscript for you to read."

Mr. A. H. Woods, with whom I had been pleasantly associated throughout the many seasons in which I appeared in the boudoir *opuses*—I doubt if I should have gone on in them as long as I did, if it hadn't been for his generous treatment of me and his persuasive manner—ignored my protestations entirely and sent regularly, for my consideration, plays in which my wardrobe could have been easily placed in a cocktail shaker.

THIS unaccountable and unwarranted desire to see me divested, wholly or in part, of my clothing, irritated me beyond measure. Every effort was made to induce me to "come back to the bedrooms," but I was firm in my resolutions, so firm that, except for a few weeks in vaudeville, I was idle for an entire season. People invariably referred to me as "that bedroom actor" or "the fellow who's always hiding under beds." While I was attempting my virtuous escape, by way of vaudeville, I heard a woman chuckle while looking at my pictures in front of the theatre, "That's the fellow that's always getting into or out of bed," she affirmed.

Finally I appeared in a new play in New York, in which I was entirely covered, even wearing an overcoat and gloves. But, unfortunately, though I had high hopes for it, the play was a failure. Did the critics forget that I had once been a pajama and bath-robe romper? Not they. There wasn't one of them who didn't state that, on account of the conspicuous absence of everything resembling a bed, I seemed uncomfortable, unhappy and unaccustomed to my surroundings.

I, who suffered mental nausea at the mention of bedroom and shuddered at the sound of a bed, was branded! I realized that the stigma with which I had been marked was not to be easily cast off. It seemed for a time that there was nothing left for me to do but to retire from the stage and take up some new calling. I was eagerly looking about for some new means of livelihood, when another play was submitted to me. I read it and liked it! It, too, was a non-bedroom failure. Though kind to me, the reviewers still harped on the necessity for a bed—in one act at least—and for my appearance in scanty attire. I was thoroughly discouraged by that time and resolved to say "good-bye" to acting forever. I became a partner in a real-estate venture, and, except to drop in at the Lambs and the Players, merely for my mail, I kept away from the theatrical district.

Nevertheless the bedroom plays continue to reach me. If a manager received one in his office, he sent it to me usually without reading it. I returned all of them, accompanying each manuscript with a tart note in which I expressed my opinion of the sender's presumption, insolence and effrontery.

I tried to believe that I was entirely satisfied and happy in the real-estate world. But I knew that I wasn't. I had a secret yearning to get back on the stage. Who, that has been moderately successful on the boards, is without that yearning?

I decided that if a good non-bedroom play came my way, I would go back and play again. Finally Gustav Blum came along with *Henry, Behave*. The title frightened me. Why should Henry be told to behave if he hadn't been cavorting in beds, pajamas or bath-robes? In what other way could he have misbehaved?

I read the play and learned that my fears were groundless. But I made Mr. Blum promise that, should the play require rewriting, Henry would continue to do his cutting up in the parlor, in the dining-room or out on the lawn and attired in all his clothes.

I regard the part as one of the best I have ever played, particularly since it gives me a chance to demonstrate that I can do work entirely dissimilar to that with which I have always been associated. That I can act without the first aid from a couch.

None of the critics mentioned my past bedroom activities. I was a free man. I had been emancipated from sheets and pillows. My joy was immeasurable. I was vindicated. No longer was I "that bedroom fellow."

There are two types of humorists and appreciators of humor. Those who enjoy subtleties and those to whom the grotesque appeals. I have observed, in my study of life:

That only one person in six has a well-defined sense of humor.

That Irish-Americans are the most humorous people in the world, and the far northern races the least humorous.

That business men have the greatest sense of humor and small-town innkeepers the least.

That few actors are funny off the stage. Most of them save their comic effects for their audiences.

That farceurs, especially those of an earlier day, are long-faced chaps.

IN bedrooms and out of them I have learned this basic truth about comedy. While it is true that the stage holds a mirror up to nature and so to life, there is to their similarity one conspicuous exception. We laugh at a man's troubles on the stage. In life we would be sorry for him.

The greater his anguish, short of tragedy, the more we laugh at him. I learned this, in the funniest rôle I ever played, that in *Fair and Warmer*. Our husband and wife coming home and discovering a situation that was innocent, but which they thought guilty, I tried to hide Madge Kennedy in the bathroom. While I quakingly faced the resounding outer door, she ran out of the bathroom and hid under the bed. I haughtily told the seeking husband to look for her in the bathroom. When he flung open the door and found the room empty, I remembered her threat to jump out of the window. I told her husband she might "be out there." When I groaned in an agony of apprehension, the

(*Continued on page* 56)

First Nights—From the Rear

The Story of One Who Has Experienced Many Broadway Openings

By WALTON BUTTERFIELD

MUCH is continually being written about the glory and the glamour of Broadway's opening nights. We are forever reading about the vast sums of money involved; the annoying difficulties of getting taxicabs and limousines to the proper theatres in time to be seen struggling in the lobbies or wavering down the wrong aisles; the nervousness of the actors; the astounding combinations of somebodies and nobodies; the even more astounding number of ermine wraps; the extravagant applause; the inside stories of how the play was written or achieved production; the moving-picture stars sprinkled throughout the audience; the heavy exodus between the acts to smoking-rooms and lobbies for cigarettes and staring; the prevailing sense of excitement about the new play; the terrible predicament of the manager if the evening spells failure; the individual receptions accorded the players; the gowns the women wore or didn't wear; and after the last curtain the final mad dash for more taxis.

It's exciting—it's expensive—it's thrilling—it's a gamble—it's artificial—it's dramatic—it's business—it's pleasure—it's like nothing else exactly—it's a Broadway First Night!

But back of the footlights it's another story. There the evening begins earlier and lasts longer. When you of the audience are waiting for your *filet mignon* or perhaps consulting your watches preparatory to a word to Henri about a little attention . . . "don't want to be late, you know—first night" . . . the scene of the great event is the quintessence of calmness. At seven-thirty the box-office may be a trifle harried with last-minute demands for an extra seat from this or that newspaper or some impecunious first-nighter on guard for the hoped-for return of a gallery seat, but elsewhere the theatre shows little or no signs of the impending battle. As is the way of theatres when not in use, the asbestos curtain has not yet been lowered, the entire place is in almost utter darkness, and the stage itself is as barren and inert as it has ever been. An electrician may be tinkering with an obstinate light connection beneath the stage or in a darkened corner a property-man may be repairing the cigarette box to be used in the second act, but these are last-minute left-overs which have usually been attended to during the day.

A GREAT deal, however, can happen in a few minutes. The stage door begins to open and close frequently, admitting not only those actors who are to start the play, but second and even third-act people. Within a few performances these latter will begin arriving just in time to make up and reach the stage for their respective cues, but on opening nights even the least conscientious performer finds himself before his mirror long before the theatre has begun to fill.

The silence of the stage is also found in the region of the dressing-rooms. It's a case of every man for himself. Doors are closed, which will later be open most of the time, and voices which after this eventful night will continually be heard in banter from one room to another are silent. The actor who wishes to spend double time with his make-up or who perhaps feels the need of another whispered rehearsal of a troublesome scene is left undisturbed by less nervous associates.

The stage is cleared, the lights are dimmed, and the asbestos raised on a house strewn with discarded programs and a mêlée of seats turned up and down. Groups of lingering friends are chatting here and there in the dark waiting for player friends to change to street togs.

The dressing-rooms are finally locked, keys left on the rack or in the care of "Pop," the door man, and there is another twenty minutes of activity for the stage door as the actors go through it to their clubs, or to their hall bedrooms. Passing the darkened front of the theatre they wonder just how often these steps are to be retraced, for no matter how glorious the opening night, you never can tell!

Before the stage-manager has called his first warning of half-hour to curtain time, the ushers have donned their uniforms and departed for the heads of their respective aisles, there to arrange programs and primp in near-by mirrors while awaiting first arrivals. The electrician has lighted the huge chandelier in the auditorium as well as the softer lights in the boxes, lobbies and balconies. The asbestos has slowly descended, and so the front of the house is "set." Then, while early ticket holders . . . often, one suspects, overanxious mothers and fathers of lesser lights in the cast, waiting perhaps to witness an offspring's first Broadway appearance . . . rustle programs in the empty theatre and an occasional bang of a gallery seat floats down from the upper regions, the rear side of the asbestos begins to see signs of activity.

This, you may guess, is the beginning of the feverish excitement which is sure to reign back of the scenes and especially on a first night. But you are wrong if such is your guess. Contradistinctly, the nearest approach to the excitement of the audience occurs after the performance is over, when the friends and relatives swoop back-stage to sing praises about the play and coo sweet compliments to the actors.

Stage-hands, to the number of twelve or fifteen at least, have followed close on the heels of the actors, and while taxis are delivering evening wraps and dinner coats to the front of the theatre, these strongly muscled fellows begin their work at the back. The electrician lights the stage and the scenery is slowly and quietly assembled.

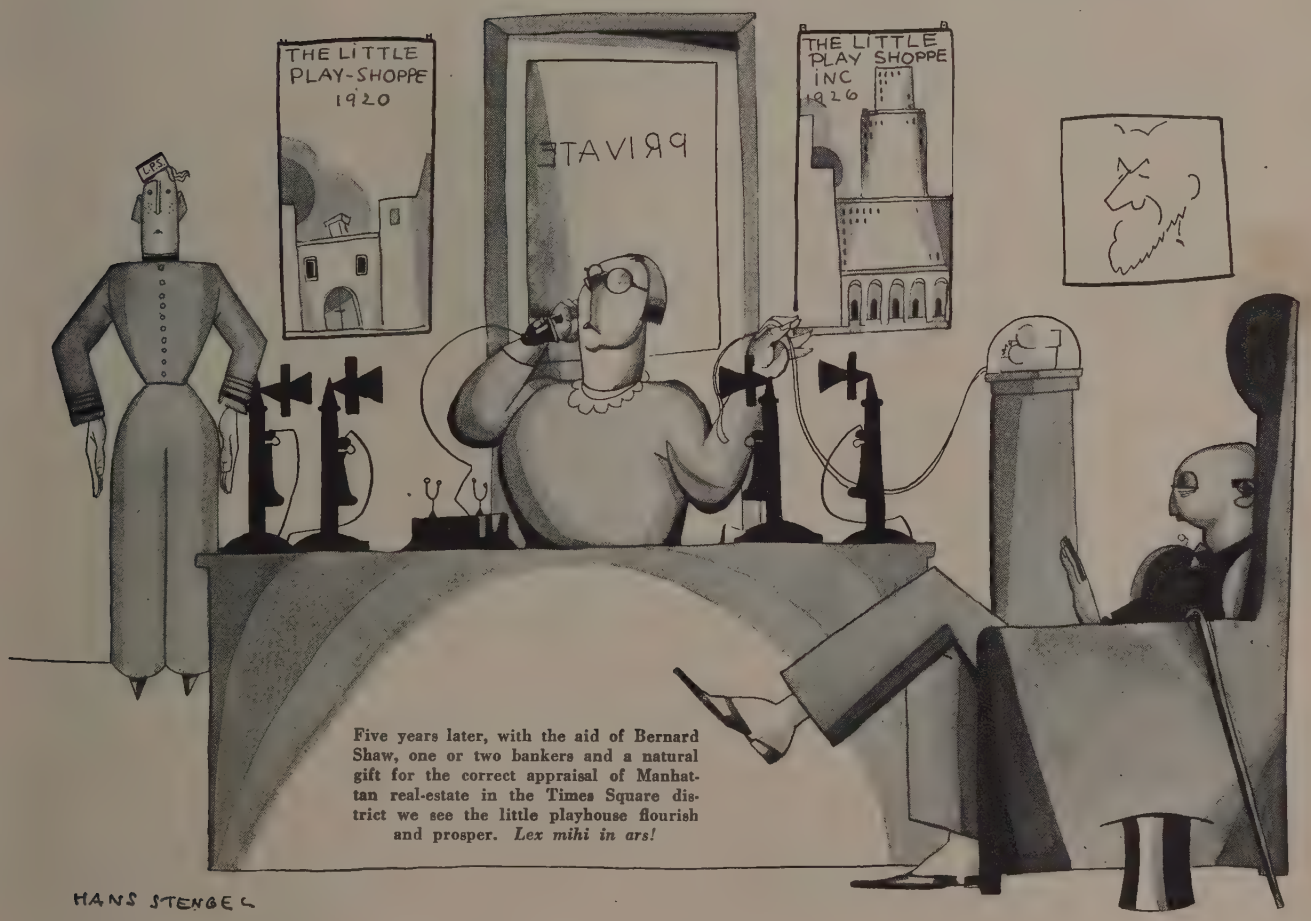
First the huge carpet which usually covers the entire stage is laid and thoroughly swept by a corps of three or four men, then the furniture is placed in the center of the stage, and finally the scenery itself is swung into place around it. The stage-manager scurries to the dressing-rooms to call "fifteen minutes," but is soon back on the stage to check up on the work of the stage-hands. Furniture is placed just so; books, lamps, ash-trays, pictures and other properties necessary to the action of the play are arranged. Border lights, spot lights (aimed at important chairs, doorways or tables), the glow for the fireplace and off-stage lights are carefully placed and by eight-thirty, when the asbestos is raised and the imposing plush curtain allows the buzz-buzz of the now thickly assembling first-nighters to seep through, the stage is practically ready. Only a bit of dusting here and there and perhaps the appearance of the director to inspect the scene or an apprehensive actor to see that a vital letter is in the proper drawer or the pistol in a convenient position for quick use at the psychological moment.

THE curtain is apt to rise fifteen or twenty minutes after the advertised hour, an occurrence which the critics are sure to feature or ignore, according to the promptness of their own arrivals. But at eight-thirty the actors begin to emerge from their dressing-rooms and encountering one another in the hallways or at the sides of the stage, are quick to wish each other "good luck"; "same to you, old chap"; "knock 'em cold, dearie"; "go to it, success," and then revert to throat clearings or further final inspections of make-up. Sometimes less hardened players or a last-minute addition to the cast appears with the typed pages of the part, anxious to keep them in print until the last moment when they must be left in the head only.

A look at the house now would reveal an amazing number of empty seats. But most of their owners may be found in the lobby or at the back of the theatre, anxious to see who's present, show themselves and

(*Continued on page* 54)

When youth attains the age at which he and she realize both their genius and the lack of talent in the world, they rarely escape becoming actors or playwrights. Thus they found a little theatre to rescue the American drama from the mire into which it was thrust by Broadway's motley crew of craven producers



Five years later, with the aid of Bernard Shaw, one or two bankers and a natural gift for the correct appraisal of Manhattan real-estate in the Times Square district we see the little playhouse flourish and prosper. *Lex mihi in ars!*

THE LITTLE THEATRE MOVEMENT

Sketches by Hans Stengel

Taking Tea With Lorelei Lee

June Walker Gives Perfectly Good Reasons Why Some Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

By ADA PATTERSON

JUNE WALKER is as spontaneous as her Lorelei Lee, in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,* is studied.

"My earlier appearances were dotted with my resignations—'running away from the show,' I called them—and this person or that coming after me. The pursuer always said to my foster-parents 'Better make the child go back. She has talent and will do something worth while in the theatre.' Discussions. Change of mind or heart, or both." And I would go back.

Pouring tea from a handsome, solid silver set in a stately, much-windowed drawing-room of her new apartment on Park Avenue, Mrs. Geoffrey Kerr looked an animated doll in a pink crêpe-de-Chine gown of many plaits. A closer scrutiny revealed that the doll had a dark, vivacious face, stamped with laughing intelligence.

"I have always been terribly candid," she said, when she was convinced that my preference was one lump and no cream. What I thought I said. I dared to say that I thought somebody an awful director. I shouldn't have said that, for I like the man. He is a splendid chap, but he heard what I had said. Now he isn't speaking to me. I am not a woman with a serpent's tongue. But I have a tongue that won't behave. I am trying to discipline it. So far I haven't succeeded. My only apology for that candid tongue is that in a very little while, I am sorry I said it and I never cherish grudges. I write a letter of expostulation to my manager. I meet him next day and say, 'Did you get a letter from me?' He answers, 'No, what was in it!' I blush and say, "Never mind. Tear it up. It doesn't matter.' "

"You'll make a model wife, or, doubtless, are one. You will scold your husband, then tell him you didn't mean a word of it."

"I HOPE so. Candor tempered with forgetfulness is a workable formula for happiness in marriage, but I suppose they must be well blended, for too much of one, and too little of the other, might make for the opposite of happiness."

When we had reached our second cup of tea and a square of chocolate cake, I heard a sample of the candor. It was in reply to my comment "You have played a wider range of parts, all the way from dimpled knees and a song in *My Lady Friend* to Lilly in *Glory Hallelujah* in a short while on the stage, and I understand you are only twenty-two."

"I went on the stage at seventeen. That was ten years ago. I am twenty-seven."

It was the first time I have not witnessed an evasion of the subject or heard "I'll tell you, but it is in confidence." June Walker is neither proud nor ashamed of being seven and twenty. It is the truth. Ergo, by the Walker standard, not to be withheld.

She bowed with the confidence of the undismayed "teens" to Broadway in Winthrop Ames' production of Maeterlinck's *The Betrothal.* "Winifred Lenihan was in it and Margalo Gillmore and other youngsters of the stage that at least have not been hanged," she said with such a reminder of Miss Lenihan's broad smile that I accused: "Like Miss Lenihan, you are Irish.

"Everyone thinks so. Even Miss Lenihan gives me a hug and says 'Somehow, even though you don't know it, I think you must be Irish.' I wish I were, for to be Irish is to have a dramatic temperament and talent. Through my mother's family I am French and through my father's Scotch and English. So I am a third of each."

Not in the least satisfied with her ten years climb toward the heights, is the tiny brunette who is playing that blonde that many gentlemen preferred, Lorelei Lee.

"It isn't the plum of the season's parts" she insisted. Candor was again in the foreground "Lorelei is a dumb-bell. Anita Loos, who is a peach, says that she likes neither the book nor the play. She said she wrote the book to make money and the play, she says, isn't a play, but a 'tough show.' "

Atwell

A JUNE WEDDING

June Walker and her bridegroom, Geoffrey Kerr

"That big, powerful factor, the public, seems to like it," I reminded her.

"Yes," she admitted and looked wistful.

"TELL me what you would like to play," I coaxed, "I have observed in an extensive experience in interviewing that what an artist would like to play and what his public wants him to play are poles apart. Is it *Lady Macbeth?"*

A little gurgle that held a suggestion of Lorelei Lee, "I should like to play in repertoire under Winthrop Ames' direction. I began with him you know. He is a most inspiring director. He wouldn't let me play Prunella."

"He was right. You couldn't have played it then. You hadn't had enough experience."

A tall, gentle girl who had come in for tea and had been introduced as 'my cousin' spoke. "I suppose not." Across June Walker's face passed a shade of sympathy for the disappointment of that girl of ten years, before laughter succeeded it. "I should like to be in a repertoire theatre because I don't like to play any part more than six weeks."

"Nature didn't place the crown of Lorelei upon you."

"No," she laughed. "The authors and the management rehearsed four or five blondes. They tried Ziegfeld Follies Girls who looked the part. Then Edgar Selwyn suggested me. Anita Loos and her husband, John Emerson, telegraphed back, "Though we both love June, we can't see her in the part."

"Time passed; as writers say, and more blondes were rehearsed. Then Mr. Emerson sent for me and I was engaged. It is not a difficult part to play, but it did require more than a type. It makes a draught upon experience."

The wearing of a blonde wig had not been difficult. Most actresses wear them. The change in color had been a little startling, but it had produced no psychological effect.

"Do gentlemen prefer blondes?"

" 'Gentlemen' of a kind do. Fortunately, my husband didn't." The sunlight, to emphasize her assertion, burnished her chestnut hair to a highest lustre. "There's no doubt that they are most successful gold-diggers. Down the ages they have been. Helen of Troy was a blonde. Peggy Joyce is a natural blonde. It is strange that none of my friends are blonde. I haven't a friend who isn't dark-haired. I don't think I ever had."

There was in June Walker's household, a tradition of the theatre, a tradition,

(*Continued on page* 62)

Photo Vandamm

THE ART OF MAKING "GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES"

Dorothy Shaw (Edna Hibbard), speechless over her room-mate's suave fibs, listens to Lorelei Lee, the naïve little gold-digger (June Walker), tell the wealthy, red-nosed Sir Francis Beekman (G. P. Huntley), that any man with so handsome a face as his ought to be called something cute, like "Beakie"

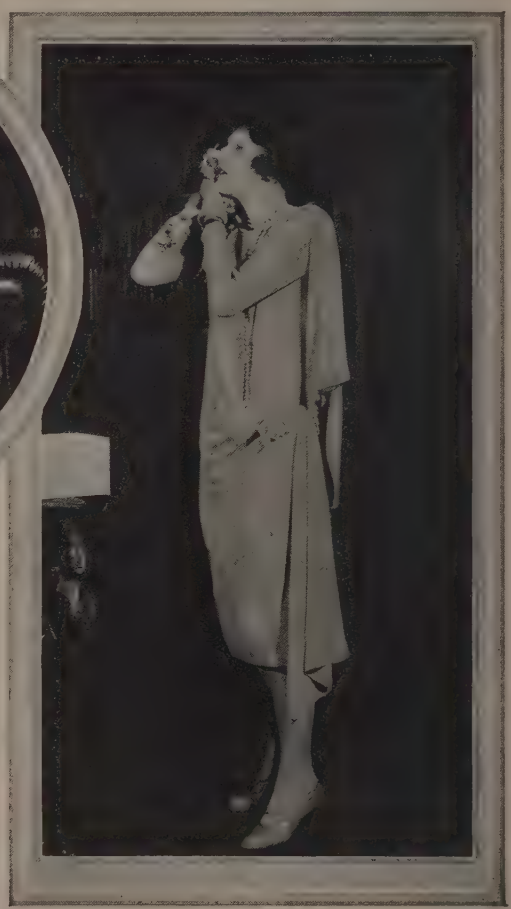
Scenes in "The Captive"

Edouard Bourdet's Tremendous Drama of a Woman's abnormal and fatal fascination as seen at the Empire Theatre

M. de Montcel, ordered to Rome, insists on his daughter Irene (*Helen Menken*), accompanying him, but she refuses to leave Paris and cannot give a good reason for wishing to stay

Photos by Vandamm

Dramatic scene between the puzzled Jacques (*Basil Rathbone, left*) and M. D'Aiguines (*Arthur Wontner*), when the elder man tells his indignant interlocutor who has accused him of debauching a young girl, that Irene does not come to his house to see him, but to see—his wife

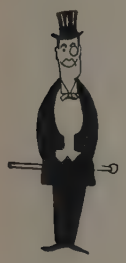


Powerless to resist her fatal fascination for the woman the audience never sees, Irene crushes to her face the violets sent to her by her lady love and leaves her husband forever

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

Watch the Expression on His Face

IN *Juarez and Maximilian,* with which the Theatre Guild inaugurated its new season, the rascally Archbishop Labastida says to Porfirio Diaz, the Republican general: "Maximilian is badly cast." After one has sat through and squirmed at the weak, inarticulate, bewhiskered performance of Alfred Lunt as the chief protagonist of Franz Werfel's fine historical drama one is inclined to give the crafty archbishop credit for being as expert in appraising acting as in the field of crooked politics.



Of the play itself nothing can be said but praise. No trace here of the wild, incoherent extravagances that marred this radical author's *Goat Song.* The dramatist presents calmly and with great dignity a page from history, told with feeling, glamorous color and nice literary taste. Like many plays that attempt to depict historical events, it falls short as drama, but to students of men and epochs the odyssey of this weak, liberal-minded Austrian Prince, tempted and egged on by the wily Napoleon the Little to declare himself Emperor of Mexico only to find his well intentioned efforts thwarted and himself betrayed, is a very interesting human document that does not fail in its appeal to the sympathies The conditions Maximilian had to contend with —the struggle between the clericals and anticlericals, the fight between the reactionaries and the radicals, the intrigues of Marshal Bazaine, controlling the military power, intent only on furthering Napoleon's interests, undermining Maximilian's popularity by inducing him to issue cruel Edicts, the ominous, masterful Juarez ever in the background, but never seen, the signs of the coming débacle, Carlotta's desperate journey to Europe to secure help that never comes, the evacuation of the French and the realization by Maximilian that he has been abandoned to his fate, on to the tragic finale—the firing squad at Queratero—all this is told in a series of thirteen stage pictures—some of them tedious, others highly dramatic and impressive.

Mr. Lunt looked well as the Emperor. He makes a fine presence and has the kingly air, but his enunciation! O, ye gods! It was so bad that half his lines were unintelligible. Added to this he has certain mannerisms of speech that seem of late to have grown on him —swallowing his words, making queer cries and gurglings in his throat—such weird sounds as the stage never before heard.

The Carlotta of Clare Eames was a bit more convincing. However, history, while it has taught us that Maximilian's wife, Charlotte of Saxe-Coburg, was a beautiful and ambitious woman and later a mad one, has never introduced her as a ferocious termagant, and this was the key in which Miss Eames played her.

The entire cast played in too slow a *tempo.* Neither Dudley Digges as the Archbishop nor Mr. Robinson as Diaz—and they were the best—especially distinguished themselves. Arnold Daly did immeasurably better as Bazaine than anything he has done in recent years, but it was far from the ideal. Massacred though this play was in the acting, the Theatre Guild deserves credit for staging it.

Plays You Ought to See

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY—A dramatization of Dreiser's story of a youth's progress to the electric chair. Interesting. Well staged. Admirably acted by Morgan Farley and Miriam Hopkins as Clyde Griffiths and Sandra respectively.

AMERICANA—A clean, clever, snappy revue full of sparkle, buoyancy and sophistication. Amusing comedy and with sketches above the average in originality and merit. A show not to be missed.

BROADWAY—Behind the scenes in Manhattan's sordid night life. Thrills with murderous bootleggers and much laughter with the amusing and clever Lee Tracy

IOLANTHE—Another delightful Gilbert and Sullivan revival. Amusing, charming and tuneful, with Ernest Lawford, John Barclay, Vera Rose and Lois Bennett.

SHE COULDN'T SAY NO—Most amusing play on Broadway. Three acts of cyclonic merriment with Florence Moore, one of the cleverest comic performers on our stage.

WHAT EVERYWOMAN KNOWS—Revival of Barrie's delightful play. With Helen Hayes as Maggie Wylie and Kenneth MacKenna as John Shand.

THE "best seller" novel seldom makes a "best seller" play. Dreiser's fine, but inordinately long and often carelessly written, story *An American Tragedy,* seen in a dramatization at the Longacre, is the exception that proves the rule. The work of adaptation has been expertly done by Patrick Kearney. Naturally a book of a thousand pages cannot all be compressed into the three hours of a stage performance. Much that went to make the success of the sordid tale had to be sacrificed. But, from the dramatic standpoint, little that really matters has been omitted and the result is an absorbing, human, intensely interesting play.

It opens with a colorful, impressionistic tableau showing the lad Clyde Griffiths chafing under the drab, humiliating existence he is forced to lead as a street mission singer Life and youth appeal to him and he goes his own way. His career as a bell-hop is omitted. The second tableau shows the home of the rich Griffiths at Lycurgas, Clyde's cool reception by his wealthy relatives, his entering the collar factory and meeting Roberta, the factory girl, whom he seduces. Next comes the invitation to the Griffiths social affair where he meets the elegant and wealthy Sondra. This pampered little daughter of the rich, made far more sympathetic in the play than she is in the book, captures Clyde's fancy and from that moment Roberta is neglected. The factory girl's revelation that she will soon become a mother, fills him with consternation, interfering as it must with his new social aspirations, and after the fruitless visit to the doctor, the idea comes to him of letting Roberta drown while boating, followed by the fatal trip to Bittern Lake. His arrest ensues, then come the two big scenes in the play—the trial and the final scene in the death house, where, amid the calm exhortations of the prison chaplain and the blasphemous shrieks of the other inmates, the death-pallid youth falteringly passes out to the electric chair.

No play performed here during the last half dozen years has pointed so wholesome a moral. It is a fine object lesson to our pleasure-mad youth. Morgan Farley, although more refined and sympathetic than Dreiser pictures him, is superb as the wretched boy who, grasping out for empty pleasures reaps only a crop of tares and tears, and in the more emotional scenes revealed acting powers of which few believed him capable. It was a fine performance. Miriam Hopkins, as Sondra, is a far sweeter creature than the author drew, and perhaps less true to life, but unquestionally her charm and winning personality will have much to do with whatever measure of success the play attains. The court-room scene was well managed, most of the stage being in opaque darkness, with only strong lights thrown alternately on the characters involved.

AS the only actor-manager in town and the only Metropolitan *entrepreneur* devoted to the interests of the higher drama, Walter Hampden has many well wishers. But however noble his purpose be, there must be true accomplishment if success is to sit permanently on his banners. In his recent offering *The Immortal Thief,* by Tom Barry, the first play of his second season, Mr. Hampden has not been entirely happy. If the play itself does not quite measure up to preconceived volumes of what a romantic play, with an undercurrent of religiosity should obtain, the fault is by no means to be attributed solely to the author. I thought neither the star nor his company, with a few trifling exceptions, did justice to either its spirit or its literary content. The protagonist of *The Immortal Thief,* is the son of a patrician Roman family who goes wrong. As the play begins he is the chief of a robber band operating in Jerusalem. At its conclusion he is that repentent thief who suffers death on the cross at the left hand of the Christ. His intermediary adventures are colorful and based on sound melodramatic principles. Assuming the crime of murder that the woman who loves him, may escape is the cause of his crucifixion.

SEXUAL perversion as a subject for dramatic treatment is not new in drama. Sophocles, in his *Oedipus Rex,* deals with the unnatural love of a son for his mother. Shelley, in *The Cenci,* a play long forbidden on the English stage, deals with the unnatural desire of a father for his daughter. Until now, however, that form of sexual perversion known to physiologists as lesbianism has not appealed to dramatists as a fit subject for the stage.

Revolting as is his theme, it must be said that the Frenchman Edouard Bourdet, in *La Prisonnière,* done here, at the Empire Theatre, under the title of *The Captive,* has written an unusually fine play—a morbid, repellant, unsavoury story no doubt, but a play absorbing in its human interest, tremendous in its climaxes, fascinating in its almost pitiless dissection of a woman's soul in torment. It is a play you feel you would not care to have missed, yet from which, as from Ibsen's *Ghosts,* you emerge as from a charnel-house, glad to breathe once more the fresh air of heaven!

It tells the tragic story of a young girl of good family who has fallen victim to the fatal fascination of a loathsome attraction for another woman. Her father, a widower, ordered to Rome as member of the Foreign Office, expects her and her young sister to accompany him to the new post. To his amazement, Irene declines, and will give no good justification. Those reasons she does advance are found to be falsehoods. Her father is determined to get to the bottom of the matter and, distraught, fearful that her terrible secret will be exposed, Irene prevails on Jacques Virieu, an old admirer, to tell her father that he is the cause. Himself puzzled by the girl's strange actions, but unable to resist her plea, he reluctantly tells the father that he is courting Irene and that her going to Rome might interfere with their little romance. The father, now satisfied, goes off to Rome, but Jacques, more at a loss than ever to understand Irene's conduct, determines to find out the truth. Obviously, it is not he himself who holds her in Paris. It must be some other man. But what man? He learns that she is a frequent visitor at the house of Monsieur and Madame D'Aiguines. No doubt D'Aiguines is the man! He knew him years ago at college. He'll question him. He sends for D'Aiguines and the latter comes to his apartment. The two men, in a tremendous scene, have it out. Jacques indignantly accuses him—he a married man—of debauching a young girl. D'Aiguines at first refuses to talk, but when driven to it, speaks out: "She does not come to see me. She comes to see my wife!" He tells Jacques that his wife is sexually abnormal and that his own life has been wrecked as a result of it. He declares nothing can break Irene's infatuation for his wife and warns Jacques to have nothing more to do with her. Otherwise, she will shatter his life as his has been shattered.

Jacques, overwhelmed, confronts Irene with what he has learned. She admits the truth. She says she has fought against the guilty attachment, but it is stronger than she. She urges Jacques to marry her, to save her, and take her away from the woman's influence. They are married, but in the months that follow Jacques realizes that he has only married a phantom. Irene does her duty as a wife, yet her caresses are cold, her thoughts elsewhere. Finally, Jacques goes back to a former sweetheart, who at least can offer a normal love, and Irene, crushing to her breast a bunch of violets, sent by the woman who is never seen during the entire action, but only symbolized by bunches of violets, leaves her husband's roof forever and goes back to her moral captivity.

Gilbert Miller has given the play a fine setting and a splendid cast. Helen Menken, an actress of much sympathetic appeal, presented a truly tragic figure as the shrinking, distraught Irene crushed under the ignominy of a degradation she fights against but is powerless to overcome. Plaintive, pitiful, in the calmer, more lucid moments of the play, in the passages of greater stress, her slight figure and almost too ghastly pale face set off against her red hair, the sincerity and poignancy of her emotion made the deepest impression on her auditors and stirred them to enthusiasm.

Basil Rathbone, remembered for his fine performance in *The Swan,* made an ideal Jacques. His self-restraint, the alternate flashes of anger and affection as he appeals vainly to this woman for a love she is constitutionally unable to give him, was admirably delineated. Arthur Wontner, a newcomer on Broadway, but an actor enjoying a considerable reputation in London, played the important rôle of D'Aiguines and acquitted himself so well that the house recalled him again and again. Norman Trevor was somewhat mechanical in the comparatively unimportant part of the father. Ann Andrews, a talented and personable actress, was very charming as the old sweetheart, presenting a fine type of womanliness in sharp contrast with the unwholesome, neurotic Irene.

It is a sad commentary on the decadent times we live in that, amid the general chorus of praise which, with only a few exceptions, greeted this play, no protesting voice was raised in the public press against its particularly offensive subject. Or is it that, from now on, our wives, sons and daughters are free to discuss at the breakfast table the gangrenous horrors of sex perversion?

SO many plays have been brought forth this season that utterly lacked construction in any technical sense, and written in a jargon dubbed "Americanese," that there was a relief in welcoming the vehicle in which Frances Starr returned to stardom, even if *The Shelf* transgressed in other directions and proved to be a rather artificial play written in dictionary English.

Miss Starr was excellent as the heroine and wore beautiful clothes, but she was called upon to do so many irrational things, and the situations in which she found herself were all so "contrived," that the audience placed little credence in the happenings. The play is of the same *genre* in this respect as *Yellow,* though the latter is more sensational. Dorrance Davis is the author.

The Shelf takes its name from the supposed ultimate abode of ladies whose charms have evanesced. And it is to prove that she is no such lady that Stella Amaranth (Miss Starr) undertakes her weird campaign of blandishment which mixes up with politicians, callow youths, indignant wives of the small community in which she navigates and a clergyman of the comic opera type. The last named is played by Donald Meek purely in the vein of caricature. The cast which Mr. Friedlander has supplied at the Morosco Theatre is of sterling excellence, and comprises the always adroit Arthur Byron, is wasted as a very nefarious senator who ensnares almost everybody in the play, ultimately including the shelf-shy heroine. A special word of praise is due Leah Winslow, who played the clergyman's wife with much skill.

IT remains to be seen whether *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,* as a play, will duplicate the success of Anita Loos' amusing book. To pick up a best seller in an idle moment and be mildly entertained by the wise cracks of the gold-digger Lorelei Lee, is very different to having to sit three hours in a theatre listening to jokes you've already heard, handed out by characters you already know, presented in a succession of scenes *à propos* of nothing, merely as mouthpieces for Miss Loos' more or less subtle humor. The only "punch" I got out of the play was the delightful way in which June Walker portrayed the golden-haired Lorelei Lee. In the book the character might be that of any hard-boiled peroxide "skirt" of the roaring forties. June Walker, with her piping innocent voice, her wide-open eyes, her naïve Malapropisms, and shrewd "come on" patter, makes her a real flesh-and-blood creation. Edna Hibbard was a close second for such honors of the evening as there were, and Frank Morgan and the veteran G. P. Huntley were excellent in their respective rôles as Mr. Spoffard and "Beakie." The two Frenchmen in Act II were done most amusingly by Georges Romain and Adrian Rosley.

IN *A Woman Disputed,* at the Forrest Theatre, Ann Harding, whose ash-blond beauty and emphatic note of feminine chastity, have won for her a conspicuous position among our younger leading women, makes quite a new departure. Heretofore she has been exclusively identified with the immaculate, mire-proof virgins of the drama, but in this piece, a melodrama by Denison Clift partly based on Guy de Maupassant's story, *Boule de Suif,* she is seen as a little Alsatian cocotte who is redeemed by her love for an American in the Foreign Legion.

Two officers of the Legion, a German and an American, fall in love with Marie Ange, a girl "no better than she should be," after they save her from a jail sentence in connection with a scandal involving the girl and the German's brother. The Great War is about to break. Before the trio separate, the girl promises to marry the American. Four years later, Marie Ange is brought before the German officer together with other prisoners who have attempted to flee the captured city. The officer offers to let all go if Marie Ange will give herself to him. Torn between her true love and her desire to save the others, she refuses until a priest (really a spy of the Allies) urges her to accede to the German's wish, so he can get through the lines to precipitate a French and American attack. The American lover comes on the scene with the attacking troops and, furious at her surrender to the German's advances, he

Photo White

"THE IMMORTAL THIEF" AT THE HAMPDEN THEATRE

Marius Rufinus (Walter Hampden), born an aristocrat—crucified for his crimes. All his life a disbeliever, the fearless, ruthless Roman one moment before death appealingly cries: "If there be a God—save me!" The play, the action of which takes place in Jerusalem, during the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, was written by Tom Barry, author of "Dawn" and "The Upstart"

bitterly denounces her. But the spy, now in officer's uniform, arrives in the nick of time and explains the reason for her action. And as the German has been shot by a firing squad, the ending is made doubly happy by the news of the Armistice.

The play is theatrically effective and should prove popular. Miss Harding gave her usual sincere performance, entirely unmarred by artificiality. Louis Calhern was satisfactory as the American and Lowell Sherman his old suave, sinister, débonair self as the swashbuckling German captain.

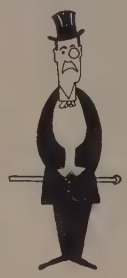
WILLIAM HODGE leased the stage of the Forty-ninth Street Theatre as the soap-box from which to declaim in *The Judge's Husband* that woman's place is in the home. There will be enough men in the audience every evening who will shout "Bravo!" "You said it!", to fill the theatre for many months to come.

To Joe Kirby (Wm. Hodge), the husband of the judge (Gladys Hanson), fall all the domestic duties, from the servant and kitchen problems, while his wife aspires to Governorship. Kirby, an erstwhile lawyer, naturally makes an incompetent housewife, arranging his meals from neighbors' contributions, purchasing all kinds of unnecessaries, except food supplies, and retaining servants at the maximum, three weeks. Mrs. Judge Kirby, in her ambition to climb politically, encourages visits from former boorish household servants, with their bootlegging husbands, and accepts invitations to speak at public functions nightly, while her daughter Alice (Ruth Lyons), unprotected, is permitted to attend drinking parties with her "gentleman friend," unchaperoned. Though Mrs. Judge Kirby is absorbed in her "career," assisted by Dan Reynolds, (Richard Gordon), a designing male, she is irritated over her husband's inconsistent explanation of his two-day disappearance, which fact is made the target of the play. Mr. Hodge is funny when he explains that he was up in an airship that ran out of gas, and couldn't get down, and that all the naked angels—at which Mrs. Judge shrieks with a combination of jealousy-modesty. The Judge sues her husband for divorce on the grounds that during his two days' absence he was seen entering the apartment of Miss Sheftel—a former maid. Mrs. Kirby is the plaintiff and judge in the case—her husband, defendant and attorney. This court-room scene is productive of much humor.

Mr. Hodge, Gladys Hanson, Marie Haynes (as Sophie), Jessie Crommette (as Marg) and Dorothy Walters (as Stella), all gave fair performances. There is some good satire in *The Judge's Husband*—but a little too much play to the gallery of anti-feminists.

IT would seem that the warbling of a few tuneful songs, and the dancing of several peppy numbers, would be enough to satisfy musical comedy customers, musical comedies being as they are. But *Happy Go Lucky* at the Liberty Theatre is decidedly flat and tiresome and more than a little dull, even including these slight diversions.

The book is stupid, comedy entirely lacking, and there is a marked artificiality in the settings and the acting of the principals. Most of them seemed to lack stage presence, and bring to mind an amateur performance when every one is nervous and ill at ease, and over-anxious to please. The grimacing and the posturing were almost painful to view.



About the only bright spot in the whole performance was the dancing of a pretty and gracious young blonde, Madeline Cameron. Taylor Holmes has the unfortunate rôle of a bearded old grouch, who makes things miserable for his family until they get the idea, from a newspaper item, that flattery is always successful with the male. Then he sheds his grouch, and his beard, and is able to appear as his own young smiling self. But with poor lines, and a poor co-operating cast, he can do little more than get through the dull part as expeditiously as possible.

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN once more demonstrated at the Playhouse that he has talent as a sketch-writer, but as a maker of drama he has still much to learn. In collaboration with Mr. Herman J. Mankiewitz he concocted *The Good Fellow*, a nondescript play in three acts, utilizing much old material rather clumsily and developing little that is new. The plot shows how an amiable citizen of Wilkes-Barre becomes so absorbed in lodge matters that he neglects his family and almost bankrupts himself. This little fable might have served very well, if it hadn't suddenly occurred to the authors to introduce, out of a clear sky, the initiation ceremonies of a secret society. This was pure burlesque, in bad taste, and not funny. It also illustrated the skimpy economy that permitted these proceedings to take place in the one set provided—the very modest dining room of a Wilkes-Barre home. To sum up the fault of the play in a line—the elements did not mix. John E. Hazzard played the title rôle industriously. It must have been a difficult task to memorize all those words. He had to express the same idea over and over again with only a slight change of phraseology.

SOMEWHAT disconcerting the program explanation "A Native Opera," accompanying *Deep River*, which Arthur Hopkins presents at the Imperial. The reviewer feels much like Justice holding the scales with "Play" on the one side outweighing "Music" on the other.

As a play Laurence Stallings contributed rather aptly the theme of the magnetic quadroon beauty who, although selected by a Creole, falls in love with a Kentuckian. Intended as an opera, rather than a play, Mr. Stallings doffs his hat to the traditional operatic finale, and kills off three at a clip. Frank Harling, composer of the music, who created a sensation last year at the Chicago Opera House, with his musical interpretation of Keats' *Light of St. Agnes*, swam into the Creole melodies of *Deep River*, which he quickly diverted from its course into the Bay of Naples. The result—Italian jazz, with much Puccini, and little jazz.

One goes to opera primarily to listen to music; if the acting happens to be good, he is surprised and grateful. In *Deep River* the only good voice was that of Julius Bledsoe, the negro concert singer, whose rich quality is too rarely heard. Muguette, (Lottice Howell) has a thin pleasant soprano voice. Pity 'tis she's not a better actress. The same regret might be extended to Roberto Ardelli, the tenor, whose singing was labored as well as strenuous. His violent embrace of Muguette, and his slap-on-the-cheek challenge to Luis Alberni—splendid actor, but indifferent singer—loudly resonant and causing the recipient's face to take on a crimson hue, sent chuckles throughout the audience. I wondered what the Voodoo Queen, coached by the Moscow Art Musical Studio, would have done if she held the place of prominence and the wand of rich atmosphere in her hand that Katherine Parker so colorlessly fumbled. The chorus deserves most of the applause, and Arthur Hopkins, together with Woodman Thompson, come next. The café of the Théâtre Orléans, with the musicians seated on the stage, and the second, a Congo scene, showing a voodoo meeting with the worshipers of the devil (the chorus) in the background, singing the weird voodoo "Heru Mande" and "Ah Tingonai Ya" themes, are splendidly staged.

One leaves *Deep River* with the sensation of having floated on its colorful waters, and thoroughly enjoyed the richness of the effect, rather than having dived into its depths.

A PLAY with an idea not ordinary, emotion not too maudlin, and with satire pregnant with subtlety, but occasionally banal, is Alfred Savoir's fable, produced last year in Paris as *Le Dompteur*, and this year, at the Neighborhood Playhouse, as *The Lion Tamer*. In it Lord John Lonsdale, the symbolic figure of idealism, intellectuality, justice, beauty and also the counterpart, revolt, disorder, heresy, anarchy—fences in a circus against Angelo, the lion tamer, symbol of power, brutal reality, iniquity, cruelty, vulgarity, likewise representing order, civilization, law and harmony of the universe (thus spake the author). Their weapons are the snake charmer, Angelo's wife. Before the duel begins, Lord John announces himself handicapped, since "the idea stands little chance against the brute." He shouts *"touché"* to his opponent in the first act. In the second, the Lord parries, as Angelo succeeds in lunging "that there is a time in every man's life when he denies his race and his religion." The duelists play on for three acts, the audience as referee applauding the idealist for one play, condemning the brute for another, and *vice versa*. A point for the Lord, when he takes away Angelo's wife, in order that he may break the force of the brute. Surprising himself, the idealist finds that he wants her for himself, and that to keep her he must

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Vandamm

"LET 'ER GO!"

Ray Lane (Lee Tracy) whoops up his Pony Ballet, as they leave the scene of one of Broadway's dark tragedies—to amuse the patrons of The Paradise Night Club, New York City, where all must be gay. Philip Dunning and George Abbott are co-authors of the play, which Jed Harris is producing at the Broadhurst Theatre

Will Jazz Die Young?

American Invention That Has Completely Conquered the Dancing Public of the World

By PAUL MORRIS

In view of the recent attack on jazz by Mr. Ernest Newman, the distinguished English music critic, which caused a sensation in jazz circles, THEATRE MAGAZINE *invited an American writer to express his opinion as to the real merits or demerits of jazz, an essentially American product. Mr. Paul Morris, formerly music critic of the "New York Herald," and a well-known writer on musical topics, discusses jazz from the American point of view.*

JAZZ, the newest American invention to be adopted by European powers, is an obstreperous stepchild. To the staid Anglo-Saxon mind it is as foreign (and, likewise, as fascinating) as a Hungarian rhapsody or a Viennese waltz. But to the world in general it is the beginning and the end of American music. By its syncopated rhythm is the United States being judged. Whether it is a menace to high art or a boon to humanity has not yet been clearly established. It is one of those unsolved problems like housing and the liquor question. To some it is a thing to be discarded, disowned, and disinherited. To others it is a subject worthy of an uplift movement, an embryo art, capable of being developed into something fine and exalted.

Since the beginning of time art has been an outgrowth of popular ideas. First, the crude elements are brought into being. Then follows a refining and standardizing process. Anything that expresses the sentiments and underlying characteristics of a race, or part of a race, during a period of time, no matter how short, is worthy of serious consideration. And jazz unquestionably has caught some of the spirit of modern New York life. It is not typical of the stern old Puritan—an uninteresting specimen, after all. It is, rather, music of a melting pot among nations, a lively energetic human hodge-podge, a new world power just awakening to a realization of its strength.

BUT, granted that jazz is an expression of one side of American existence, is it really a matter for symphonic and operatic composers to bother their heads over? Need it, in any way, be made to comply with old formal standards? After all, it started out in a most informal way. In its infancy, it was played *ex tempore,* or, at least, without printed notes. It might almost be considered as a revival of the old art of improvisation, a pursuit which has been neglected for many years, though the great composer, Händel, two centuries ago in London, aroused more admiration when he improvised at the organ between the acts of his operas and oratorios than he did through his carefully prepared compositions. Why should this unconstrained music be cramped by the artificial rules that are applied to sonatas and concertos? What has jazz to do with fugues, canons and rondos, with development of themes and leitmotifs? Need it be pressed into conventional patterns, before it can be classed as an art form?

Students in well-ordered schools of music are required to master many rules.

JAZZ!!
Sketch by Cain

They are restricted on every side. "Bach would never have done that," the teacher exclaims whenever an unconventional composition is brought into the classroom, though the whole world now knows that Bach broke about every rule known to his contemporaries. In its present state jazz does not conform to the standards of pedagogical authorities. It stands for freedom. Why does not some popular writer of the day discover a new form, as the symbolists did in French poetry, as the cubists did in drawing and painting, as the builders of New York sky-scrapers did in architecture? There is no logical reason why jazz should be judged by the rules of foreign classic composers.

Wagner made many of his own laws. So did Bach. Why not Berlin, Kern and Youmans? As the sonnet was invented by the Latins in defiance of earlier poetic patterns, so some modern jazz-maker may find a form that will express present-day life better than any old imported method. The new style, if it is ever developed, will unquestionably be, simpler than the sonata form, for instance. Jazz offers golden opportunities for the seeker after new rhythms. There will be new orchestral colors to add variety to the new variations of time. But above all there will be a new spirit in the music, as there is a new spirit in the modern novel.

While the new song writers are racking their brains for ideas that will make for better jazz, the world of serious music is beginning to take alarmed notice of the advance of screeching saxophones, bleating trumpets and gliding trombones upon the classic battlements of the symphonic art.

WHY is it that this American invention has completely conquered the dancing public of Europe? What is it that causes foreign composers to point to it as a menace, that arouses jealousy in the hearts of Europe's so-called serious musicians? A visit to any of the Parisian music-halls or cabarets or to the London theatres where light music is played will furnish ample proof of the superiority of American jazz over its European counterparts. The truth is that the United States is as far ahead of Europe in dance music, as Europe is ahead of us in writing symphonies and operas. The only city in the world that can vie with New York in writing popular music is Vienna, where the afterglow of Johann Strauss is still luminous. Not since the waltz-king in Vienna wrote dance numbers of such alluring melodiousness that the public simply could not forget it, has any popular music taken such a hold on the feet of the world as jazz. It is the first American music to threaten the old-world composers with competition.

By reputation jazz is vulgar. All new dances have been decried since the days of the ancient Greeks. The waltz had none of the dignity of the minuet. It was—well—hardly ladylike. The two-step was highly improper when it first became known. Reluctantly the social and musical *élite* are accepting jazz. Stravinsky, Europe's most inventive musical genius, has admitted that to him it is diverting. He has tried to write some, but without success. Heifetz, a pianist as well as a fiddler, plays it for his own amusement. Walter Damrosch has sponsored it by admitting a jazz concerto into the repertory of the Symphony Society of New York. It is breaking through the crust of criticism. It

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Photos Vandamm

Florence Cole (*Luella Gear*), fiancée of one of the battling bosses, T. Boggs Johns (*Charles Ruggles*), visits his garter factory for a bit o' blarney

Mrs. Nellie Nettleton (*Helen Carrington*), wife of the big boss, George Nettleton (*Frank McIntyre*), takes him to task for heckling his business partner —and jollying the garter girlies

Polly Nettleton (*Mary Lawlor*), the niece of one member of the firm, and Richard Johns (*Clarence Nordstrom*), nephew of the other member, promote a romance during office hours

THREE GOOD PAIRS WITH "QUEEN HIGH"

A musical comedy by Laurence Schwab and B. G. DeSylva, at the Ambassador

"And So to Bed"—Yawns Mr. Pepys

Famous Diarist the Central Figure of New London Play. John Drinkwater Dramatizes Hardy

By ST. JOHN ERVINE
"Theatre Magazine's" Special Correspondent in London

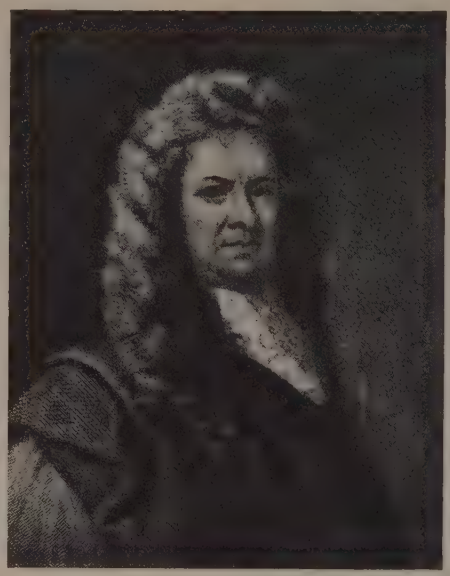
LONDON, *October 15, 1926.*

MR. JAMES BERNARD FAGAN in his play *And So to Bed,* seen at the Queens Theatre, has settled the question: the name is *not* pronounced "Peps" as in "Pepsodent," nor is it pronounced "Peppys": it is pronounced "Peeps." But if you think that you will get any information about the Diary in this play you are mistaken: it is not mentioned once from start to finish, though I hoped that Mr. Pepys would account for some of his absences and vagaries by explaining to Mrs. Pepys that he was writing it. Did she ever discover what her Samuel was doing with that system of shorthand that was not easy to decipher?

Mr. Fagan, whose play begins two days after the date of the final entry in the Diary, does not tell us. What he has done is to give us an imaginary, but likely, incident in Pepys' life. Mrs. Knight, the cantatrice, comes down the alley by Pepys' house in Seethinglane—appropriately named—and is set upon by a pick-purse and made to swoon away. Samuel, who was a devil with the women, was no devil with pick-purses, but he made a half-hearted effort to rescue the lady, and succeeded, when the danger was over, in persuading her that he had saved her life. Her gratitude was so great that she invited him to call that very evening at her lodging in Gray's Inn Fields to hear her sing, and the enraptured rascal took his own song, "Beauty Retire," along with him. But he went in such fine garb that Mrs. Pepys became suspicious that he was not launching ships at the Navy Office, and went after him. Unfortunately for her, Charles the Second was a-wandering that evening, too, and had arrived at Mrs. Knight's before her arrival. Pepys had been bundled into an Italian chest when Charles came, and Charles was bundled behind curtains when Mrs. Pepys came; and when the poor jealous lady tore the curtains apart she was mightily confounded to find her sovereign lord, the King, not Samuel, behind them. In the end, she discovered some of the truth, and after a tempestuous conversation was reconciled to her little man.

THE play started very slowly, but gained pace as it went on, and ended excellently. Miss Yvonne Arnaud was the Mrs. Pepys, and a very fine Mrs. Pepys, too. Her performance was of vital value to the play, which "lifted" tremendously when she appeared. Mr. Gwenn played Pepys with nice unction and made us realize that the diarist loved his wife even if he was a little irregular in his relations with her. Miss Mary Gray was Mrs. Knight and charmingly sang the songs which Mr. Herbert Hughes had composed for her. Mr. Allan Jeayes and Miss Gwen Evans were good, but the rest of the company was either on the light side or not too well served.

IT is difficult to dramatize any novel, but it is so difficult to dramatize a great novel, such as *The Mayor of Casterbridge,* that the task seems to most people impossible. It can never be a complete success, because the dramatist is obliged,



Mr. Pepys, the famous old London gossip who ate much, loved more and slept most, lives once again in a new English play

by the nature of his medium, to dispense with certain elements in the novel which may be the most potent in it; he cannot hope to deal with subjective things as effectively as the novelist can, nor can he use Nature as impressively or dramatically as it was used by Conrad, or as Mr. Hardy uses it in all his work. The two forms of expression, despite superficial resemblances, are profoundly dissimilar, and the dramatist who attempts to use the material of one as material for the other must *not* attempt to make the play too closely resemble the novel. He must, in fact forget the form of the novel, and remember only the story, and tell it almost as if there were no novel. I do not write that dogmatically; I suggest it merely as a general principle; but I firmly believe that all attempts to put a novel on the stage as nearly as possible in the novel form are doomed to disaster. As well might a man try to sculpt stone after the fashion of a man who paints pictures.

Mr. Drinkwater has laudably endeavored to give the playgoer as much of *The Mayor of Casterbridge* as the novel-reader gets, but in spite of the fact that many of the incidents of the story are displayed on the stage, the story itself, the essential theme, is not. How can anyone hope to put all the details of a novel of more than four hundred closely printed pages into a play which is expected to perform for three hours? No one can read *The Mayor of Casterbridge* to himself in that time, and reading to oneself is the swiftest of all the ways of reading. Certainly no one can read it *aloud* in that time. A dramatization of a novel is a sort of loud reading, and the dramatist, therefore knowing that reading aloud is a slower process than reading to oneself, must reject details, however attractive they may be, and concentrate on essentials, giving them what decoration or addition he can within the limits of his medium. The play is a much barer form than the novel, a tighter, tauter form, in which a sentence must sometimes do the work done in a novel by a whole chapter. Mr. Drinkwater seems to have begun this play by using an incident from almost every chapter of the book, with the result that he overloads the play with preliminary information and leaves himself little room in which to put the more poignant passages. He has been faithful to Mr. Hardy's text—he seems to have made no additions of his own to the story except the part of Pauline—Lucetta's servant—but he has been less faithful to the theme.

WE do not get any of the immensity of the novel in the play, and in order that we may get many unimportant details, especially in the first six of the fifteen scenes, passages of dramatic importance are omitted.

The architecture of Mr. Hardy's story is beautiful. The chapters grow into each other without signs of cleavage; but the scenes in Mr. Drinkwater's play do not grow into each other: they are dragged together. I did not feel, during the performance, that sense of fated fortuity which is so powerfully felt by the reader of the novel.

The too frequent closing of the curtains on the brief scenes of the play made the acting uneasy, and the performance pictorial rather than dramatic; but there were several fine performances, notably those of Mr. Lyn Harding, Miss Moyna Macgill, Miss Christine Silver, Mr. Colin Keith-Johnston, and Mr. Dan F. Roe. In the general shrinkages of Lucetta, Miss Louise Prussing, badly suffered, and none of the rustics had the verity and earthy strength that their creator gave them. I do not doubt that some of the ineffectiveness of the performance was due to the inadequacy of the stage at Barnes, but most of it, I fear, was due to the form in which Mr. Drinkwater cast the play.

Mr. Coward in his new play *The Queen Was In the Parlor* gives us both his best and his worst in generous measure. There are passages and even scenes in this play so poverty-stricken and dull that one has difficulty in believing that anybody wrote them. They are followed by passages and

(*Continued on page* 56)

"And could Coolidge do it?
Could Al Smith do it?
Could Lloyd George do it?
Why—No-o-o-o-o-o-o!!!"

Photos by Vandamm

I'll be with you in the Fall—

Stanley Lupino, as is. In his humor are traces of days when he had to put oilcloth in his shoes, to keep the rain out—and turn his trousers down, to hide his bare legs. He says the English start to laugh and continue until they feel they have entirely finished—making the actor wait to go on. The American audience is so fearful that it is going to miss the next line, it catches itself after a slight chuckle

Stanley Lupino's bed during Convention week

How dare you say I'm like Michael Arlen?

STANLEY LUPINO

The English star who came here incognito, but whose talents as comedian quickly identified him, in "Naughty Riquette," at the Cosmopolitan

His Zigzag Trail to Broadway

Nobody Could See Any Humor in Charles Butterworth and He Nearly Starved Until——

By RICHARD SAVAGE

WHEN Charles Butterworth was awakened at high noon the day following the first performance on Broadway of *Americana,* by a friend beating him with a roll of morning newspapers and shouting, "You're set!" the young actor smiled as though it hurt him to smile. For he remembered another high noon when a judge at an audition in a New York vaudeville house said, "You'd better not try the stage." When he found in his Saturday pay envelope evidences that Impresario Richard Herndon agreed with the metropolitan critics and public in their applause he smiled crookedly again, for he remembered two wan days through which he had lived on malt tablets in New York.

The blond young man with the Hamlet face and the comic soul, who burst into eminence in a sketch of his own in *Americana,* arrived on Broadway by a zigzag route composed chiefly of extremely pointed thorns.

He wanted to stay on the stage, but nobody else wanted him there. All the powers of earth seemed in league to keep him off it, save one who hereinafter shall be mentioned. He tried to begin modestly in vaudeville, but the reports were nearly unanimous. "Terrible," was a word the experts employed. "Terrible," he so often heard that he used to dream it. He saw it spelled in zigzag letters across the sky of his hopes.

On the crest of the wave he looks into its trough. He remembers the night when, for the same sketch that was acclaimed at the Belmont Theatre, he was hissed in a playhouse twenty-six blocks southward from it.

He is the son of a doctor of South Bend, Indiana. He thinks his father's troubled ponderings upon the problems of the sick and dying may have been stamped subconsciously upon his visage. For even since the words "hit" and "Broadway favorite" are mentioned in connection with his name he is still the knight of the "solemn visage." The young Indianan, aged twenty-six, still suspects the wiles of the siren fortune. When spontaneous titters and no-hand-spared applause told others the story of an instantaneous success at the première of *Americana,* he telephoned at cheap after-midnight rates to his mother in South Bend: "The audience was pretty pleasant to me, but one never can tell until next morning." He slept the sleep of ignorance until high noon and the invasion of the shouting friend with the message through the newspapers that he had "arrived" on Broadway.

THE sense of contrast pursued us past the velvet ropes and tassels that only dropped after the words, "Reserved for Mr. Butterworth," were pronounced and we waited on a cushioned wall seat for our luncheon at the Algonquin. "I used to work for a man here," he said while we ate our broccoli and raspberries. "After a month he let me go."

The man was J. P. McEvoy, who wrote *Americana.* But the zigzag trail detoured sharply again and again before the quality of the young blond comedian with the Hamlet face shone in the dramatist's revue.

Vandamm

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH

Who, as the stuttering Rotarian orator, the man with two feet on the ground, but a tied tongue, in *Americana,* has set all Broadway laughing

"I began trying to get on the stage when I was in my last year in high school." Mr. Butterworth gravely munched a slice of toasted whole-wheat bread.

"I was allowed to become one of a quartette that played the small towns. I was second tenor. We sang sad songs and rapid tempo airs. My engagement yielded me eighteen dollars a week and remorse. For my mother wrote letters sadder than any of the mother songs the quartette sang and I went home. I went back to school and worked on a newspaper at night. I entered Notre Dame University and began the study of law. I completed the law course to please my mother. But I hated it and was true to my secret love for the stage.

"No one ever served a more cruel mistress." The drawn facial muscles and the droll slant of his lips that delighted the audiences of *Americana* were for me and for memories of desperate and despairing coquetries with her. "Not until a fortnight ago."

In the Indiana town the Notre Dame student had a chum, Ralph Dumke. They discussed training camp experiences at Louisville, when the Notre Dame student was within three weeks of receiving an officer's commission, which the armistice forbade. Their chats merged into plans for an invasion of vaudeville. Meanwhile forget not that Master Butterworth, become Mr. Butterworth since his entry into Notre Dame and newspaper work, was writing sketches. He wrote two, both based upon observations of life made through the microscope of a newspaperman's eye. "I had attended Rotary club banquets and heard the speeches. Some of them were so awful that I put the bashful, stammering, forgetful man who started to tell stories and forgot them, into a monologue. What I observed about the uncertainties of matrimony I tried to compress into another," is his story.

HE and his chum, Ralph Dumke, joined efforts, he reciting the monologues, Monsieur Dumke singing, at clubs and at infinitesimal playhouses in the neighboring towns. Receiving but five or ten dollars for their joint efforts and learning that they would earn as little—I mean as much—as "singles" the youths near tears, parted. "Ralph has done well. I didn't."

As though in corroboration came a round-headed visitor, a dark-haired, smiling-eyed young man, to our table. He grasped my host's hand. "So glad to meet you again," he said. "And under such different circumstances. I saw Dumke last month in a town I made. He's doing very well."

The same young salesman had encountered the Butterworth youth at Mount Vernon where the young man who would be an actor, had turned his despairing face toward a newspaper office and for three months had been a rewrite man.

I promised to tell you more of the ray of sunshine that shone through the murk of Charles Butterworth's stage-going miseries. It was a plump sunbeam named J. C. Nugent. Mr. Nugent was playing the small towns in the West in *Kempy.* Appeared at the stage door a young blond male of melancholy visage who asked the dramatist to hear two sketches of his composition.

"Fine!" he said of the monologues. "Want to sell them? I need something new for my own use in vaudeville."

"No," was the Butterworthian reply. "I want to use them myself. I always admired you in vaudeville and just wanted your opinion of them."

Mr. Nugent scratched a note to an influential Chicago agent. "I think this chap in these sketches ought to make good anywhere."

The young man, briefly elate, went to Chicago and presented his letter. The agent was indifferent. Then began the way of semi-starvation. The leading

(*Continued on page* 64)

OUTSIDE—LOOKING IN

The Broadway producer has a few unexpected callers

Sketch by Leo Kober

Juarez and Maximilian

Historical Drama in Three Phases

by

FRANZ WERFEL

THIS play by Franz Werfel, the German revolutionary dramatist who was first introduced to American theatregoers, through the Theatre Guild, with his plays "The Goat Song," and "Schweiger," is briefly a story of the ill-fated attempt of Maximilian Joseph, archduke of Austria, to establish a monarchy in Mexico at the behest of Louis Napoleon, of the intrigue that thwarted his idealistic purposes and destroyed the reason of his wife, the Empress Charlotte. It is, perhaps, too scholarly a work to have much popular appeal, although the resurrection of a religious struggle in Mexico at the present time and the world's recent interest in the momentarily recurrent sanity of the aged Charlotte, still living under protection of the Belgian court, makes its historical implications somewhat timely and piquant. The following condensation is published by courtesy of the Theatre Guild, producers of the play.

THE CAST

(As produced at the Guild Theatre)

Clarke	Stanley de Wolfe
Elizea	Philip Loeb
City Deputy of Chihuahua	Philip Leigh
Mariano Escobedo	Harold Clurman
Porfirio Diaz	Edward G. Robinson
Maximilian	Alfred Lunt
Captain Miguel Lopez	Edward Van Sloan
Doctor Basch	Alfred Bruning
State Councillor Herzfeld	Earl Larimore
Charlotte	Claire Eames
Archbishop Labatista	Dudley Digges
Lawyer Siliceo	Erskine Sanford
General Tomas Mejia	Philip Loeb
Marshal Bazaine, of France	Arnold Daly
Edouard Pierron	Maurice McRae
Blasio	Sanford Meisner
Princes Agnes Salm	Margalo Gillmore

THE first picture introduces us to the Government seat of Benito Juarez, the republican president, at Chihuahua in northern Mexico—a bare, dilapidated office which dates back to the Spanish régime, cluttered with placards, manifestos and edicts, conspicuous among them the lettered battle-cry: "Long live the rightful republic!" Among others we meet the three republican generals, Mariano Escobedo, Riva Palacio and Porfirio Diaz, commanding the ragged remnants of an army. The success of Maximilian's French troops and the desertion of numerous republican officers and soldiers is temporarily placing the fortunes of Juarez in bad straits. We do not see Juarez; throughout the play he remains an invisible and almost mythical figure. Diaz, who later became president of Mexico, acts as a sort of symbol of his power.

The second picture takes us into the presence of Maximilian in his headquarters at the Imperial Pleasure Palace at Chapultapec. He is being regaled by the sly and deceitful Captain Miguel Lopez when Stefan Herzfeld, his officer and countryman, comes in.

HERZFELD: I bring Your Majesty big news. Benito Juarez has retired to the Rio Del Norte. They say he crossed the border into the States.

MAXIMILIAN (*deeply moved*): God! This is too much! This is victory!

HERZFELD: I didn't expect this turn of affairs.

MAXIMILIAN: Yes, my dear Herzfeld! God be praised for that, your pessimism has had a body blow. Juarez has run away. That is to say, the so-called constitutional government has fallen. Ergo, the United States has no reason not to recognize me. Ergo, the conflict between Napoleon, who made me Emperor, and Washington, is over as well. France has a free hand and Bazaine no more excuses. The French will carry out their compact now. The logic of it's clear.

HERZFELD: There's something about this "flight" I do not understand. Our generals' attacks weren't exactly glorious. And Bazaine, the great strategist, doesn't give a damn about the army. He parades around the Residencia, gives diplomatic dinners, and plays providence to the Emperor. Why is Juarez retreating? Does anybody know?

MAXIMILIAN: I just had a great experience, when you brought me the news, Herzfeld. I suddenly understood the mystery of Christian love for one's enemies. I loved Juarez.

HERZFELD: He is a curious force.

MAXIMILIAN: He and Porfirio Diaz, I'd give all the other Mexicans for those two men. I could clasp Juarez in my arms. I could make his path to greatness. Why does he stay away?

HERZFELD: Juarez will not give up one atom of his rights. The people elected him president.

MAXIMILIAN: The plebiscite elected me later.

HERZFELD: Your majesty knows as well as I that clerical tricks and the brutality of French garrison commanders forced the plebiscite.

MAXIMILIAN: I know. But I didn't really face it, Herzfeld, you are my good and my bad conscience.

Charlotte the Empress comes in and Herzfeld leaves. She is a vivid, restless woman evidently much in love with her tall, idealistic mate but fearful for the success of his ambitions.

MAXIMILIAN: Without you I would not have found myself yet. You cast off my chains with your splendid courage. What was I? Doomed to elegant idleness and sarcastic renunciation. A painful destiny. I, a foppish prince, would never have escaped it alone. You taught me to understand my brother Franz Joseph. I no longer hate him. Wait a little while and you will see the miracle. You waked the true creator in me. I want with all the kindness in me to help the world. I thank you for the love that is in me.

CHARLOTTE: My God! I, poor empty, barren thing! You imagine is so godlike. But we are merely human—petty and ambitious. People cannot help hurting you.

MAXIMILIAN: I am no dreamer. I stand entrenched and immovable. Our empire rests on more solid ground than France or Austria. Here in America is the life and heart of the age. Those other sovereign gentlemen are nothing but chiefs of police for the privileged classes. I have new ideas of empire. I can make men happy. I want nothing for myself. Listen! There are only one million whites to the nine million Indians and half-breeds in this country. We must waken and win these tremendous masses. An unparelleled social feat. I have already drafted my new manifesto with that end in mind. Juarez is an Indian. Won't he have to come? Won't my revolution force him to join us? I foresee the day——

CHARLOTTE: Forgive me, I see nothing but the smug face of that archbishop. I see that arch politician Lares and the other mandarins. I see that plebeian Bazaine——

MAXIMILIAN: Juarez is more than all of them. He would have to yield.

CHARLOTTE (*her eyes closed*): I see the blank face of destiny. It is bigger than Juarez!

The third picture is a council of state in the council room of the Imperial Palace. Assembled there are Don Theodosio Lares, councillor in chief; Lawyer Siliceo; General Thomas Mejia, the Indian; Palazio Labatista, Archbishop of Mexico in violet robes, and various supernumeraries. Maximilian has finished reading his manifesto, suggesting the formation of an Indian assembly and an immediate solution of the educational problem. He is opposed by the crafty Labatista whose aim is apparently centered on revocation of the so-called Reform Laws passed by Juarez which forced the confiscation of church land. It is

Photo taken by Vandamm exclusively for "Theatre Magazine"

A REST INTERLUDE AT REHEARSAL

Theatre Guild players take a breathing spell while grappling with the difficulties of "Juarez and Maximilian." From left to right they are: Clare Eames, Dudley Digges, Arnold Daly, Margalo Gillmore, Earle Larimore, Albert Bruning, Edward G. Robinson, Philip Moeller, Alfred Lunt, Maurice McRae. Theresa Helburn (seated at table), Mr. Hartford (stage manager), standing. Seated in the first row of the orchestra are Lawrence Langner and Helen Westley, both directors of the Theatre Guild

also to his advantage to keep the mass of Indian peasantry in ignorance.

MAXIMILIAN: I am a good Catholic, Monsignore! But I might have foreseen that you would bitterly oppose my plans.

LABATISTA: My person which Your Majesty deeply reveres is not the question. But it was the church party, sire, which offered you the throne. The church feels deserted and confused. Your Majesty's first official act was a recognition of that Defiler of Churches, Juarez.

It is soon evident that Maximilian can make little headway with his theory of conciliation. All the others, taking the lead from Labatista, express their disapproval. Juarez must be exterminated. In the midst of their wrangling, the distant thunder of cannon is heard. The sound causes instant consternation. François Achille Bazaine, Marshal of France, a coarse likeness of Napoleon the Third, wearing the famous waxed moustache and imperial, struts in. His surly explanation of the firing is that scattered bands of Juarez guerillas are making futile attacks.

MAXIMILIAN: A few days ago, Marshal, you assured me that the enemy had been driven from all its positions. And to-day you must attack his bands, as you call them, within earshot of our palace?

BAZAINE (*superciliously*): I am willing to talk over anything that has occurred with Your Majesty, but not at this time.

MAXIMILIAN: Pray do so. High Assembly. This session of the council of state is adjoined.

The following picture, in another room of the palace, shows Bazaine's true relationship to the fortunes of his archduke. Maximilian gently upbraids him for his frequent "victories" and his lack of results, his sending home of an entire army brigade, his placing of obstacles in the way of forming a national army. Bazaine replies by stating that Maximilian is too mild; force must be used to subjugate this uncouth race, in fact he and Captain Pierron have prepared a decree that Maximilian need only to sign to achieve final security.

BAZAINE: Pierron! Outline the main clause.

PIERRON: "Any armed foe of the present government is to be condemned to a shameful death."

MAXIMILIAN (*quietly*): I suspected something of the sort. Marshal Bazaine! Men of my rank are benefactors or martyrs of their people, not their murderers.

BAZAINE: As long as I do the murdering, you can talk like that.

MAXIMILIAN: Haven't I made myself clear in all this time? I am no Cæsar, no dictator. I do not want to make myself supreme. I come of an ancient race whose hunger has long since been satisfied. The rightful ruler is the incarnation of God's love for the world. He must have good-will toward men.

BAZAINE: Good-will, sire, is usually bad politics. Besides, this guerilla warfare is more depressing than any. We bear everything, For whom? For Your Majesty, who won't stand with us. This can't go on. You must support me. I have strict orders from Paris. You are bound to sign this law by your agreement with my master, the Emperor.

MAXIMILIAN (*sharply*): I am bound by nothing but my conscience. I will forgive Your Excellency's bad manners. Not another word of this.

An unforeseen occurrence, however, presently turns the conscientious but soft-willed Maximilian to a signature of the loathed decree. He has sent a wordy and conciliatory message to Juarez. In a mysterious manner a return message from the republican leader is found on his desk. It is a short, terse refusal of all plans and conditions. In a fit of pique Maximilian signs the decree.

. . . . . .

The Second Phase of the play opens with the fifth picture, showing a corridor of the Imperial Palace. Herzfeld and Dr. Basch are discussing the criminal insanity of the executions that have followed the archduke's decree.

HERZFELD: Bloody revenge is free. I could strangle myself for not having seen through the French intrigue. Bazaine had to compromise the Emperor in some way and justify his defeat. Therefore the decree. He put

Photo Muray

Alfred Lunt as the Emperor Maximilian

a target for universal hatred. Everything, everything is blamed on the Emperor now.

BASCH: There's one certainty—he is guilty of the decree.

HERZFELD: The guilt began with the acceptance of the throne on a false promise. Now the traitors are busy. Labatista is making an episcopal progress into Juarez territory.

BASCH: What frightens me more is that giant mass-meeting in New York. Thirty thousand Yankees declare themselves for Juarez.

HERZFELD: Where is the Medusa who seems to be gazing at us with her immortal snake-eyes?

BASCH: In this town, at the border, in Napoleon's nightmare, in Garibaldi's friendship. God knows where else. We are now Maximilian's only friends—we must get him to safety.

Maximilian has aged; he appears unwell. His whole being seems to have shrunk with the horrible culmination of his decree, although, in his talk with Charlotte, we see that he now begins to understand the forces that are back of his growing misfortunes. Napoleon and the French policies!

MAXIMILIAN: Napoleon is like Bazaine and all of them, a greedy coward and egoist.

CHARLOTTE: He floats above us! Let us burn incense.

MAXIMILIAN: I am not a fit tool for his dirty business. Juarez influences the Union, it raises its arm, Napoleon bows low and reports the intervention to me. My charming brother acts no differently and orders back the ship with the next volunteers.

CHARLOTTE: Max! Suppose you free yourself from them, from Europe.

MAXIMILIAN: Oh, if I were only myself. In three months I'd have a national army. But feel my hands—Since the horror occurred——!

CHARLOTTE: There, you've—he talked it into you through Bazaine and Pierron.

MAXIMILIAN: I—I signed the decree. (*pause*) I came to this land on heavenly wings. And then—I—I—give the signal for hideous massacre. Did it come from me? From me? I'm so tired ever since. I'm not living any more.

CHARLOTTE: Max, this remorse is only self-pity. Everyone kills. God kills. We must stand firm. It is your imperial right. You seem petty and low when you talk like that, talk of abdication—throw away sovereignty, the golden air of the mountain tops? Look at me. I will save you. We need France, we need Europe. Good! Who presents our case there? Medal chasers and intriguers. I will go to Europe for you! I! On the very next ship.

MAXIMILIAN: What are you saying?

CHARLOTTE: I, the Empress, with my retinue! I will carry your light in my hand. My poor father is dead now, but my brother rules in Brussels. I'll return with an army corps. I'll force my way into the vatican. I'll conquer that old Pio Nono whose breath reeks like an old village priest's. I'll bring you the concordat in spite of all the Labatistas!

The sixth picture represents the headquarters of the republican eastern army at Tlapa. In a particularly sardonic scene Archbishop Labatista, whose party were instigators of the royalist movement, and who has made the somewhat hazardous visit into enemy territory, conveys to General Diaz his willingness to sell his loyalty to Maximilian for the promise of security of life and property.

DIAZ: Very well, Archbishop of Mexico. You offer Maximilian's person and cause. I have two answers to give you. First: we despise and reject your offer. I wouldn't conduct any war that was not a moral crusade. I am not fighting Maximilian who is a martyr to his birth and your rascality. I am fighting the whole tribe of gold-grabbers, sword-swallowers, slave-owners and ghouls who have raised his throne as a screen for their crimes. I'll wreck and uproot every last one of them. And the second answer, Pelagio Labatista would be a pair of handcuffs—except that I have other plans.

The seventh picture is a workroom in the Emperor's Palace at Arizaba. Maximilian is anxiously seeking Dr. Basch's opinion of the Empress Charlotte's illness, while Basch takes the opportunity to renew his insistence that Maximilian give up his lost cause and return to Europe.

MAXIMILIAN: Delusions of persecution? I tell you, Charlotte's letters are highly sensible. They have a shattering logic before which our healthy reason melts to cowardly thinking.

BASCH: I insist that the sight of Your Majesty at Miramar would cure the Empress on the instant. Her sickness is nothing but nervous exhaustion. Her Majesty lived through weeks and months of unspeakable tension. Napoleon's refusal. Her brother's denial of an audience, their coldness in Vienna, the Pope's inexorable attitude!

(*Continued on page* 50)

Photo Apeda

A TENSE MOMENT IN "AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY" AT THE LONGACRE

Clyde Griffiths (Morgan Farley), about to be taken to the electric chair, receives a last visit from Sandra (Miriam Hopkins)

Perfuming the Drama

How Broadway Favorites Ransack the Perfume Shops to Give Added Fragrance to Their Dainty Persons

By WILMA SOSS

WHO, returning from Paris, does not face the problem to declare or not to declare those vials of perfume reposing so sweetly in one's steamer trunk? Who would return at all without them, these souvenirs of lost holidays, shopping expeditions, and adventure? Who could depart without at least inquiring into the gentle art of bestowing fragrance upon a putrid world!

The American woman of the stage who might indulge, if she chose, in a whole scale of scents, is surprisingly sparing in their use. To the true Parisienne every perfume speaks a language of its own, every hour has its appropriate aroma, but then scents are to be had for the smelling in Paris! Imagine Cecile Sorel of the Théâtre Français, who recently toured the United States and is as variable as she is beautiful, stranded with a single bottle of toilet-water. Unthinkable! Yet for Katharine Cornell, whose face launched a thousand green hats last season, there is no scent like the brine of the sea and the fresh morning breeze that blows into her wharfed garden from the East river.

To "Craig's Wife" no perfume is comparable with the lavender of other days that lingers in Gramercy Park laden with memories of Booth and Augustin Daly. Nor can Chrystal Herne ever hope to distill the charm of that quaint French garden above which her dwelling, the dean of New York apartments, rises.

The fashionable American is content, like Raquel Meller, to total her personality in a single fragrance. It is estimated that the Señora used 1100 bottles of *Trejur,* the perfume she chose for her New York engagement. One could smell her coming before the rustle of her skirts was heard in the wings. Who even in a busy street under the crash of elevators can for a fleeting instant meet a whiff of that old-time elegance without the recollection of cream lace and red roses, rattling beads and a cigarette like a little chimney, *Flor de Mal* and *La Violettera,* whose violets that were no longer violets because sweet peas were then in season.

OF American actresses Jane Cowl has perhaps the most costly sense of smell. Her one vice she calls it! Short atomizers, tall atomizers, chubby perfume pumps, vials of crystal and gold, fantastic and bulbulous bottles stand in profusion on her dressing-table filled with 9 or 10 varieties of perfume. Sometimes she uses one scent, sometimes several together. Always she is extravagantly inconstant. Ostensibly she went to Paris recently to secure the American rights for her new play, *La Riposte,* but she returned to London with a perfume that is charming the Prince of Wales, her next-door neighbor, and her royal patronesses the Queen Mary and the Duchess of York. Apropos it is called *Le Triomphe* and without it all the odors of Araby could not make her little hand sweet again.

What woman understands the psychology of smell so well as the actress?

Raquel Meller emptied 1100 bottles of *Trejur* during her New York engagement. One could smell her coming before the rustle of her skirts was heard in the wings.

Jane Cowl admits that perfume is her one vice. She took from Paris to London a perfume called *Le Triomphe,* which instantly became popular with the Prince of Wales and Queen Mary.

Alice Brady swears by a mixture of Coty's *Chypre* and Babani's *Amber* for stage use, but at home employs *Tout Lelong.*

Lenore Ulric's first love was *Quelques Fleurs.* In "Lulu Belle" she uses *Le Diable.*

Florence Reed is partial to Coty's *Jasmin.*

Alice Joyce's favorite is Lentheric's *Miracle.*

Carlotta Monterey loves Guerlain's *L'Heure Bleue.*

Mary Young adds to her natural sweetness with Roger and Gallet's *Le Jade.*

Mary Ellis loves the smell of old things. For her no modern perfume can rival *Eau de Cologne.*

Helen Menken has discovered in Paris a *parfum divin* called *Suzanne.*

Read how they browse among the famous perfume shops.

Consider the nose of Alice Brady, no ordinary protuberance this, but the most sensitive of stage noses. That is why, Miss Brady declares with a discriminating shudder, she cannot cook. She once discharged a maid who had the unfortunate habit of eating oranges in the star's dressing-room, the telltale odor distracting this particular nose for hours afterwards. The smell of a bowl of fruit ornamenting a table literally makes her ill.

Miss Brady is the rare American actress who takes the psychology of smell seriously. On any dreary day she may be found before a crackling fire in her Fifth Avenue apartment with her offended nose deep in the freshly cut leaves of a book on the subject. A young actress exclaimed to her, "Why, I use that perfume but it doesn't smell like that on me!" To which Miss Brady retorted, "Of course not, no perfume ever smells the same on different persons."

PERFUME, Miss Brady explains, should never be sprayed on articles of apparel, but directly upon the skin, thus individualizing it. It is her affirmation that every human being possesses a natural scent to which other human beings subconsciously react. If it is pleasing, one makes friends. If it is displeasing, one makes enemies. For herself she chooses a perfume with a musk or sandalwood base. Distilled flower odors are distasteful to her. For years at the theatre she has used a mixture of Coty's *Chypre* and Babani's *Amber,* but at home in her looking-glass palace, Alice prefers the disseminating sweetness of *Tout Lelong.*

But Lenore Ulric, for whose favor chemists stay up nights wrestling with intriguing formulæ, finds delight only in delicate flower odors, especially rose and jasmine. Her majestic town house is lavish with roses and lounges, the natural complement to the dim and languorous atmosphere that Miss Ulric finds necessary for relaxation. Among perfumes *Quelques Fleurs* is her first love to which she invariably returns. However, when on the opening night of *Lulu Belle* Robert sent her his creation for that *haute brune* siren, Miss Ulric lifted the stopper and reading the name on the bottle exclaimed, "Now I know what it means to be as lovely as *'Le Diable'!"*

Spicy scents may haunt the oriental robes of Mother Goddam when *The Shanghai Gesture* rings up its curtain again, but the private life of Florence Reed, like that of Lenore, is flavored with Coty's *Jasmin.* Fay Bainter, another habituée of the stage Orient, after coming through the incenses of *East Is West,* rarely uses perfume at all. The only fragrance acceptable to her fastidious taste is the rose that salts her bath. She is passionately fond of flowers and has a flower pantry where each day she arranges the offerings of her admirers. But otherwise no flavor of Broadway creeps into her Central Park West apartment and she affects no exotic touches to a portrait sufficiently lovely in its simplicity.

Another flower lover is Helen Hayes, who has definitely left her flapper day behind to play James Barrie's winning Maggie Wylie and may now select the perfume that pleases herself. Before Helen grew up, lucky was the essence that survived Mother Hayes' lorgnette. The one-time flapper Cleopatra, likewise, confesses to a weakness for Le Grand's *Jasmin* and

(*Continued on page* 58)

Chidnoff

ELEANOR WOODRUFF

Lending so much distinction and *éclat* to *The Donovan Affair*, Owen Davis' mystery play at the Fulton Theatre, was selected by those in charge of the activities of the Ambassador Hotel to decorate and refurnish especially the rooms occupied by Queen Marie of Roumania during her recent visit to New York

Vandamm

NYDIA WESTMAN

as Marianna Miller, one of *Two Girls Wanted*, the play by Gladys Unger, presented by John Golden at the Little Theatre. Miss Westman's performance of a romantic country girl who through misunderstanding is disillusioned by a Big City sweetheart, and then accepts a position as maid—in a country home in order to return to the simple, true life, is humanly natural and deserves applause

THE THREE GRACES

Whose intelligence and charm enhance two of Broadway's plays

Vandamm

MARY PHILIPS

In the rôle of Miss Timoney, a spinster private secretary to the president (a bachelor) of the Hancock Equipment Company, graphically and most amusingly conveys the glass-of-water-every-hour, golf, laundry, seasonal shopping and general amanuensis duties that befall the private secretary of a bachelor. She adds much zest to the performance of *Two Girls Wanted*

The Barrymore of Berlin

A Poet Describes Alexander Moissi, Mid-Europe's Greatest Actor

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THE announcement from Germany that Alexander Moissi, mid-Europe's greatest actor, is coming shortly to America, is of paramount interest to all theatregoers who know, or have heard of, this remarkable actor.

Opinions concerning Moissi's interpretations differ widely; even the facts of his life are in dispute. You are told, on one hand, that he is a Dalmatian Jew who, until his teens, could scarcely speak a word of German; on the other hand, you are assured that he was reared in Vienna, where he achieved the delicate differences of inflection which distinguished him from even the most precise German-speaking performers.

You are informed, with impartial definiteness, that he creates every rôle the night of the performance—doing no more than reciting the lines at rehearsal—and that, on the contrary, every accent, every gesture has been taught him months before the play is even announced.

The points on which the disputants agree are these: that Moissi was discovered by Reinhardt, who championed him in spite of the opposition of all the critics, that his greatest successes have been under the direction of that extraordinary manager and that he is, whether in classic or modern drama, the leading figure on the Middle European stage. A series of "guest" performances in Vienna gave me an opportunity to observe him in a variety of rôles and analyze his peculiar hold upon his audience.

The first thing one notices about Moissi is his voice. If it is true that Reinhardt arranged or even wrote the notes for this organ, it is still true that it, in itself, is a magnificent instrument. One of his enemies is said to have remarked, "Moissi is not an actor; he is a tenor," and it is true that, even in the most realistic rôles, his seems the art of the singer rather than the reciter. His parts, as he renders them, do not seem to be written but scored. His shortest scenes are full of the most delicate crescendos, changes in dynamics and pitch, sudden descents to a muted but vibrant pianissimo. In moments of intensity, he is fond of a high tessitura that would be a test of most operatic idols. In the moment when Fedya, intending to commit suicide, discovers he is too much of a coward to pull the trigger, Moissi's piercing "Ich kann nicht! Ich kann nicht!" is a cry that cannot be forgotten.

BUT the magic of his voice is to the spirit of Moissi's conceptions no more than what the overtone is to the sound itself. He invests the most casual and colloquial utterances with the quiver of poetry, a poetry that is rich in imagination and free of padding or rhetoric. The actor on the American stage whom he most suggests is John Barrymore—a less Apollonian and far more passionate Barrymore—and since Moissi's repertoire includes two of the plays in which Barrymore won most of his plaudits, a comparison may give a clearer picture of the former's characteristics.

One of Moissi's most popular rôles is Fedor Protassow (Fedya) in *Der lebende Leichnam* (The Living Corpse). When Barrymore undertook this part in New York, the title of the play was changed to *Redemption*—and this glossing, this pretti-

ALEXANDER MOISSI AS HAMLET

The report that Germany's leading actor may come to New York this season gives added interest to Mr. Untermeyer's article

fying, was indicative of Barrymore's entire performance. He romanticized Fedya so that he seemed a cross between a neglected artist and an adored hero of the films. It was with a sumptuous grace that Barrymore reclined in the scene at the gipsies; he brought an almost Byronic beauty to his farewell to Sascha; even in the tortured situation with Prince Abreskow, his chiseled profile cut through the ominous suspense with an incongruous elegance. Moissi, on the contrary, did not make the mistake of idolizing his creation; his was a pathetic Fedya, a worn and cheated figure, never an exquisite. There was nothing falsely heroic in a single gesture; he interpreted Tolstoi's half-libertine, half-vagabond as an essentially spineless being; a creature of impulse, strong enough to gratify his love of life but too weak to direct it. You could not (as Barrymore intended) admire this Fedya—the emotion Moissi compelled was less grandiose and far more profound; you pitied him.

Moissi's Hamlet was equally distinct. Where Barrymore played the melancholy Dane in a lyric key, Moissi chose the epic manner. There was something almost Eastern in the emphasis on Hamlet's delay of physical action; in his agonized procrastination, he seemed a second cousin to the Tolstoyan protagonist. He ascended heights of heroic resolve only to tumble down abysses of indetermination. When the king's conscience is caught by the prearranged play, Moissi towers above the throne like a revenging flame; at the conclusion of the same scene, he collapses, like a spent torch. But the changes in tempo and volume were always logical and held within the structure of a remarkably composed design. Barrymore's abrupt ascent of pitch, his staccato emphasis gave his intensity a strained effect. Here the dynamics were neither forced nor affected; the quality of Moissi is not strained. Barrymore made the conscious brain dominate each situation; Moissi showed the thinker in the toils of elemental and opposed forces; behind him loomed immensities; he was the disputed battle-ground; within him, intellect and impulse were continually at war.

THE same delicate sensitivity was displayed in *Und das Licht scheinet in der Finsternis* (And the Light Shines in Darkness), an unfinished drama by Tolstoi which has never, to my knowledge, been performed in America. In the semi-autobiographical study of the non-resistant (a transcript from "Lux in tenebris") Moissi sounded his most poignant notes. As Nikolai Ivanovitch—the wealthy, literal follower of the gospels, whose faithful attempts to make restitution to his laborers brings suffering to all about him—Moissi combined an evangelical mildness with a burning fanaticism. In this piece—less of a play than a dramatized pamphlet—it was the power of Moissi's eyes rather than his peculiarly flexible voice which was most moving. One could see the flame leap from a tender glow to a passionate blaze and die from a shower of angry sparks to an ashy glimmer.

This emotional diapason was also characteristic of Moissi's intellectual range. One night he played Hamlet; the next, the title-rôle in Schnitzler's *Paracelsus*; the following evening he assumed the part of Louis Dubedat in Shaw's *The Doctor's Dilemma,* translated into German by Siegfried Trebitsch (whose *Jitta's Atonement,* translated by Shaw, was recently produced in New York), and extremely popular in Germany and Austria as *Der Arzt am Scheideweg.* No greater contrast can be imagined than Moissi's Shakespearian personification and his creation of Shaw's febrile, impudent and scoundrelly young genius. His death scene in the fourth act was a masterpiece of mingled pathos and irony. And his flickering mockery distinguished a bit in the preceding act, a few lines which do not appear in the English text of the Shavian satire. When Dubedat

(*Continued on page* 53)

Yvonne Printemps (Mme. Sacha Guitry) seems to be the especial point of the French public's enthusiasm for their popular Parisian players. The two have been married several years and continually appear together, always in plays by Sacha

Photos by Vandamm

In *Mozart*, Guitry will be seen here as the Baron Grimm, the fabled protector of young Mozart when the boy was in Paris looking for fame and for a first love

THIS talented couple, the particular pets of Paris, have added the populace of London to the hosts of their admirers with that same *Mozart* which Mr. Woods will offer to New York on Christmas Night. Sacha Guitry has long been known to Americans who are informed about the French theatre. The son of the eminent Lucien Guitry, Sacha has brought renown upon himself more as a writer than as an actor, although in each department he is equally adept. His plays range from revues of the gayest nature to austere dramas such as *Pasteur*. But perhaps his most thoroughly attractive production has been his musical biography *Mozart* in which the charming Mme. Sacha Guitry (Yvonne Printemps) enacts the rôle of the genius composer at the age of twenty.

THE GUITRYS—PARIS STARS

Famous French artists soon to adorn Broadway, making their first appearance in "Mozart"

By L'Homme Qui Sait

ROYALISTIC Broadway entertained royally the Grande Dame from the Banks of the Dobrudja. In the night clubs, the "simple" check-paying sons of Democracy were moved back a little from the ringside seats to make room for a Moscovite Grand Duke or a Balkan Baron. Such monarchists as TEXAS GUINAN, LARRY FAY, HARRY RICHMAN and SAM SALVIN practised daily in the rear chambers of their "butter and egg" palaces, the right address for a Queen, while the ladies of the ensemble dreamed of a castle in Constanza. In the subterranean cellars of these palaces of joy the Robin Hoods, who figure the checks, rubbed their hands and sang "God Save the Saps," for they know only too well that even a mouse may look upon a Queen but a cloak-and-suit specialist must pay the cover charge.

JOLSON admits in court that he was a failure doing his colored stuff for the pictures and PAUL ROBESON and CHARLES GILPIN, colored, are anxious to do the cinema version of *Porgy*. . . . MARION HARRIS, sweet singer of the blues, is going to entertain Royalty in London and RAQUEL MELLER has returned to the United States shy of American publicity. . . . The Lord Chamberlain frowns on NOEL COWARD'S latest play and *The Captive* receives a warm welcome from his Honor the Mayor of New York. . . . MR. and MRS. IRVING BERLIN elude reporters and EARL CARROLL receives permission from a Judge to sail for Europe. . . . An English critic flays Jazz and PAUL WHITEMAN receives a half million dollars to play jazz to the citizens of these United States. . . . FLORENCE MILLS' "Blackbirds" will pose for an English Panel to be dedicated to the members of the House of Lords who died in the World War, and CARL VAN VECHTEN writes a splendid book on Harlem and its black belt. . . . BEN-AMI goes back to the Jewish Stage and MUNI WISENFREND leaves the Second Avenue fields for the Longacre Plains. . . . GERTRUDE VANDERBILT gives a party to celebrate—*Je ne sais quoi*—and a society lady entertains for DICK BARTHELMESS. . . . OWEN DAVIS speaks at the Cheese Club and HEYWOOD BROUN decides he will never make a speech. . . . The Green Room Club feeds LEE TRACY and LEE TRACY repays them by making a splendid address. . . . WELLS ROOT gets $3,000 for a picture and leaves *The World* "flat" and ALEC WOOLCOTT takes on the scion of a Royal household to track down the news on Broadway. . . . JIMMY REYNOLDS gives to *Criss Cross* a color and design that are little short of genius and HARRY HIRSHFIELD is looking forward to the day when he can give up his friend "Abe Kabibble" and draw to his soul's content. . . . WALTER KINGSLEY still acts as a clearing-house for the "Gag-retailers" of Broadway and FRANCINE and HERBE receive a splendid offer from the Publix Theatres. . . . FANNY BRICE is taking up hypnotism and BELASCO takes up LeBlang.

MAURICE CLARK, author of *Tragic 18*, had waited for several years. I remember a young man who varied his search for work in the dark inhospitable citadels of theatrical managers and agents with playing a tune on a typewriter, trying to coax from the stubborn alphabet that elusive chimera—a Broadway hit. He had, it seems, turned out two plays and weary and tired with it all, left for a walking trip. One of these plays *Tragic 18*, met with the immediate approval of a manager. The day of days—production day—had arrived, but with the superb irony of fate, Maurice who had lived with his ear to a telephone receiver, was out walking. He was somewhere in Maine. The manager, anxious to begin rehearsals immediately, ascertained the point from which the author was to begin his hike, telegraphed that village and others along the same route, offering a reward of $25 for the playwright's capture, dead or alive. An enterprising yokel ran his valuable Ford up and down the main road, making inquiries at boarding-houses and stopping strangers. He found Clark. The yokel got his reward and Maurice, after a swig of apple-jack, lived to see the word he had written twisted and turned to make a holiday for half-wit and half-rate patrons.

BEWARE, ye scribes who, bored by poor acting, fail to sit out the show. The management has spotters in the audience to report your every grimace and gesture. Even the conservative *Brooklyn Eagle* is not above playing the sleuth. In its issue of October 17, it says:

> "On the second night of *Juarez and Maximilian*, Franz Werfel's great drama at the Guild Theatre, a gentleman rose from his aisle seat in the middle of the third act and walked out. In light of the fact that the remaining two or three scenes equaled, as far as poignant beauty is concerned, anything written in decades, this walking out struck some of us as a slight injustice to the Guild. . . . This dramatic critic was the Editor of *Theatre Magazine* whose reviews are published under the title of 'Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play.' In view of the above described incident it would not be a bad idea to change this title to 'Mr. Hornblow Leaves the Play.'"

The *Brooklyn Eagle*, if so hard up for "copy," might have inquired further into the matter of our reviewer's hasty exodus. People have been known before to leave theatres precipitately—for urgent and perfectly natural reasons. It might have become suddenly necessary to have MR. HORNBLOW'S appendix removed—it couldn't be done properly in his seat—or to have his skull x-rayed. The real reason for his exit, he tells me, was not Werfel's fine play, but the acting thereof, Master Lunt's acting and enunciation being the worst he ever endured. He also informs me that he was not the only scrivener to make an early retreat that evening. Another critic beat him to it by an act earlier. It is annoying, of course, for the Theatre Guild to catch reviewers escaping before the final curtain, but two easy remedies suggest themselves: One is to rivet each critic to his seat, the other is to get good actors.

FREDDIE LONSDALE, that delightful exporter of choice theatrical delicacies, from England, never stays long enough with us here in the U. S. A., to see an opening night of his play. They're a shy lot, these Tories and Jacobites and what-nots. It looked for a bit that Lonsdale would gather up enough courage to witness the opening night reception of his play *On Approval* by the United Allied Trades of the Theatre,—The Dress and Sandwich Makers Local No. 10. But it seems that the English are again in flight and the Shavian Mr. Lonsdale will have to content himself with cabled reviews from the tabloids. At that Freddie is more courageous than Bernard, who is afraid of redskins and vows he'll never set foot on Plymouth Rock.

BIG business looking down from Mount Mazuma saw in the valley below a line of wiggling, struggling, artistic things. It sent forth its scouts—"Go" said they, "into the land of the creative ones and ascertain the reason for their struggles and their mortality." The couriers went forth and returned. "Duplication in financing" they reported. "Duplication" was whispered in horror down the corridors of the palaces of "Jack." This brought to horse SIR OTTO KAHN and his Launcelot, MANNY STRAUS. Immediately there was organized a Central Body, which included Actors Theatre, Stagers, Provincetown Players, Neighborhood Playhouse and the International Theatre Arts Institute and is known as the Independent Theatre Clearing House. Of course MANNY STRAUS gathered about the festive board the mightiest of the clans, there to pledge themselves to The Little Theatre that former Little Theatre movements, that died in infancy, because of the lack of proper nourishment should not have died in vain. Among the bold knights, who ate and swore upon their drawn wallets to serve the weak and struggling art movements were—DANIEL FROHMAN, E. H. SOTHERN, FRANCIS STARR, CARMEL MYERS, LOIS WILSON, MR. AND MRS. PAUL MEYER, MADGE BELLAMY, DIANA KANE, MR. AND MRS. BIDE DUDLEY, BLANCHE YURKA, PEDRO DE CORDOBA, TOM POWERS, KENNETH MacGOWAN, ARMAND TOKATYAN and LEON ROTHIER.

(*Concluded on page* 74)

Screenland

Edited by

SYLVIA B. GOLDEN

Button, button, who's got. . . .? Colleen Moore must have it among the 3951 that glitter on her Coster Costume, which the sparkling star wears in *Twinkletoes*, a First National Production

The obscure secret that lies in Conrad Nagel's eyes is revealed by him in the character of Captain Harding, in *The Mysterious Island*, Jules Verne's story. This film is entirely in color by Metro-Goldwyn

Phillippe Delacy sounds "the depth in 'er soul" of *Mother Machree* (*Belle Bennett*), in the John Ford production of Fox Films

REEL-ISMS

HERE is a man who can make a perfect monkey of himself! Jacques Lerner devoted twelve years to perfecting the art, but can now boast of being the foremost simian impersonator in the world. He is the stage star of *The Monkey Talks,* and is now going to assume the same rôle for Fox Films. In 1911 at the Folies Bergère, in Paris, there were two apes in the production. Mr. Lerner was fascinated by the animals, and subsequently acquired a farm for the tree folk near Rheims, France, where he observed them at close range in all their natural and buffoonish movements. In all, he has been in the monkey business twelve years.

TAMMANY YOUNG, who is playing in *Not Herbert,* a picture which Ray Rockett is producing in New York for First National, was missing from the set. Trailers sent out after him came back with the report that Tammany was seen in the barber shop. "What's the idea of deserting the set and going out to have your hair cut on the company's time?" Rockett asked. "Well," Tammany replied, after a moment's thought, "the hair grew on the company's time, didn't it?"

ARE you Alberta Vaughn's type? If you are, get in touch with the Film Booking Offices. The casting director has no hair-coloring preference, either. He's casting H. C. Witwer's story "Charlotte's Russe," known to the cinema as *Her Father Said No,* and the only thing that is delaying production is a girl to play the leading rôle.

IF you paraded in New York on Easter Day, in the years of 1906, 1916 or 1926, and you don't mind a good laugh at yourself, watch out for *Rare Bits,* the second picture in the Curiosities series by Walter Futter, to be released by Educational Film Exchanges.

MANY thanks for following our suggestion, Mr. Carl Laemmle. Through the beneficence of this kind gentleman, Ivan Mosjoukine, the Russian actor who starred in *Michael Strogoff* and will star in *Casanova,* was persuaded to change his name to Moskine, in consideration of American tongues and ears.

DON MARQUIS insists that the phrase "All the world loves a lover"—requires an appendage—and he has supplied it—"and laughter." This famous humorist is responsible for the novel of *The Cruise of the Jasper B.* which is now being produced as a picture by the De Mille Pictures Corporation with Rod La Rocque in the starring rôle.

ARE we facing a kissless world? Francis X. Bushman, stage and screen star, who has played the impassioned lover in both the spoken and silent drama an uncounted number of times, has some convictions regarding the final outcome of the anti-kissing crusade, of which the public moralists are making a great issue at this time. "Abolish kissing? Never," says Bushman, "What these anti-kissing pilgrims should do is to apply their energies to improving the present methods of osculation." And with an illuminating flash, he suggested: "How about a 'better-kissing-week'?"

DO you want to become a screen star? Ben Lyon, First National featured player, has a brand-new recipe. "All you have to do to get into pictures and become famous is to put a horseshoe under your pillow every night, carry a rabbit's foot in your left hind pocket and bow four times to the East each day at sunset. Then go out and work like the deuce in a good stock company for about two years."

ALBERTA VAUGHN
Bewitching the Man in the Moon

A RANCH for dudes! Hal Roach, motion-picture producer, has just bought a large ranch near Los Vegas, Nevada, which he has begun to convert into a "dude ranch" de luxe, by installing golf courses, swimming pools, airplane landings and other accessories of modern life, to blend with the rough and rugged environment nature has supplied for the vacationing "dudes."

THERE are some tales that have bitter ends, but we wish Mathew Betz and Hughie Mack no ill effects. They're both playing in Paramount's picture, *The Wedding March,* and so far, between them, have consumed twenty strings of "wienies." In a private interview they confessed that a dog crossing their path causes them great agony.

THE checker-board of the stage and screen with Broadway and Hollywood as players, taking queens and giving kings, promises a long and interesting game. Grace Carlyle, last winter, moved from the successful screen board to Shubert's musical comedy, *The Love Song.* And now she has jumped back again to Hollywood, appearing in J. G. Bachmann's preferred production *Shameful Behavior.*

THE shrieks for life, from the inimitable negro stories of Octavus Roy Cohen, was heard by Universal Pictures, who have engaged the popular magazine writer to do several series of two reels each. Charles Puffy, the rotund comedian, will perform the vivificative rites.

THE movies have developed a sixth sense. On the set where Lewis Stone, Anna Q. Nilsson and John Roche were working in *Midnight Lovers,* recently finished by First National, everything was held up to settle an argument. Has a man the right to use perfume? Roche played the character of a London fop who used perfume profusely. At the same time Stone played as an aviator who always smelled of petrol. Miss Nilsson said she preferred perfume to petrol, and Stone thought otherwise. Finally, the director settled the question. He ordered that both men get into the same room, so that each odor would nullify the other. Who said the motion picture industry has not made strides? What with speaking pictures—and now perfumed ones!

A HOLLYWOOD Film Guild has been organized, with Milton Sills (one time professor), as president. The purpose of the Guild is to bring to those who will appreciate them, examples of screen entertainment that may not be generally presented and also to foster and encourage new and even revolutionary ideas in the production of motion pictures.

MARY Pickford, producer and actress, and owner of the Pickford studio, punched a time card all during the filming of her last picture. She arrived between 7.30 and 8 every morning, and left usually at about 8 in the evening. Her time card read: Mary Gladys Pickford, principal child rôle in *Sparrows.*

WHY does not some kind soul come to the rescue of the stylish stouts, of the fair sex? Mack Swain, who has a featured rôle in Al Christie's *The Nervous Wreck,* has a clause which reads: "And said featured player will not weigh less than 315 pounds, avoirdupois, whenever called for scenes in the picture."

PHILIP KLEIN, son of the late Charles Klein, has completed the scenario for *The Music Master,* his father's most celebrated play, which will be picturized by Allan Dwan for Fox. Klein also is working in an advisory capacity with Director Al Green on *The Auctioneer,* of which his father was co-author with Lee Arthur.

TO the majestic strains of the Austrian national hymn, more than a thousand people knelt with bared heads, then arose and shouted pæans of victory, while cameras ground out the final scenes of Pola Negri's newest

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THE WHITE BLACK SHEEP

Richard Barthelmess, in the guise of a deaf and dumb beggar, standing outside the Council Chambers of the Arabian chieftain, and listening to the plot of Kadir and El Rahib, to attack the British garrison. This is an Inspiration Pictures production

Sans beard and ragged raiment, the popular American film star embodies the wholesome characteristics that prompt his admirers to call him "Dick"

Photo Vandamm

NORMA AND CONSTANCE TALMADGE

TWO CINDERELLAS IN ONE FAMILY

Who lost their slippers a few years ago, when they entered the Vitagraph Studios as "extras." Selznick found them, and later placed them in the First National's vehicle, where they were riding along, each under a million-dollar contract. And now the Talmadge Sisters have arrived at a point in the motion-picture road where they enter Screen Society of the United Artists, on an equal footing with John Barrymore, Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and a few others

Comedy

Comedy Akin to Tragedy

The Talmadge Sisters—Norma and Constance

By Our CINEMA COMMISSIONER

Tragedy

AMONG the muses who cavort on the Parnassus of Hollywood, are two born of the same family, but whose expressions are extremely different. They are the tragic muse, Norma, and the comic, Constance. Fast friends, inseparable companions, and sisters. One the complement of the other. As different in type as they are in expression.

The dark, soft hair, the rich, deep voice of the screen tragedienne is a direct antithesis to the flaxen locks and hoarse, quick tones of the comédienne. The five-feet-two inches of Norma as against the five-feet-six of Constance.

AS I entered the hotel apartment jointly occupied by the Talmadge Sisters, Constance in her pale blue dressing-robe jumped up and said: "Oh, will you excuse me for about ten minutes—have to have my hair laundered?" and out she ran, losing one of her blue mules, on the way and shrieking a shrill: "Now where is that animal?" With her went Commotion, Alacrity and Impulse, leaving Norma and Calm.

All about Norma's room were photos of Constance. When I asked her to tell me something about herself, she invariably launched off into praise of her sister.

"The only things I remember about myself, when I was a youngster," she began, "were that I loved to wear large sashes and hair ribbons, and a red silk petticoat." "At that time," she went on, "Connie was an awfully funny-looking thing."

"How much younger is she than you?"

"Four years." Taking one of her quick, gaspy breaths, she continued:

"She was so tall and skinny that we had to stuff her high, button shoes with newspaper to keep them from wriggling around, and she used to make large puffs, to make herself look fat."

"She must have been full of fun," I commented, speaking of Constance.

"Fun?", she asked in surprise, "why she was the most solemn affair I ever hope to gaze upon. Never laughed. As though she mourned over her looks. It was only when she grew up, and became better-looking that she broke through her shell. She began to be so droll. Did such funny things. As she grew more confident of herself, the more she dared express herself." With a reflected smile of approval Norma added: "She certainly is humorous."

"Then you were the family tragedienne, when you were little," I commented.

"No, I wasn't," she smiled, "I was the most mischievous thing ever. Do you know, (don't tell anyone)," she whispered, "I used to drink gallons of magnesia, in order to get the nickels from the bottles—and then buy something like pickles and ice-cream, or else ice-cream and pickles."

Behind comedy one who searches usually finds tragedy hiding. And so one sees, who looks behind Norma Talmadge's screen mask, that drama is born of comedy. I was prompted to ask: "How did you happen to specialize in dramatic work on the screen, rather than comic?"

"I had no choice," she retorted. "I suppose after the producers gazed at me, they must have concluded that I was a sorry-looking sight—and cast me for tragedy." She quickly went on: "Now, as a result of it, I don't dare attempt anything humorous."

"Kiki?", I suggested.

"Yes—but no one will know the nervousness I suffered. I was convinced that I couldn't be funny on the screen, because of my dramatic experience, and every time I smiled I thought surely that I'd register big, juicy tears. And on my way to the projection-rooms to review the work I had done on *Kiki,* I was petrified."

"Since you two are such a marked contrast, why don't you do a picture together?", I suggested.

"We did try one together, but each time we had to meet, we giggled—and, of course, spoiled the picture," she answered.

"It's quite different playing in motion pictures from acting on the stage. One can say his lines on the stage and be thinking of a million other things, or even conceal laughter behind a very tragic oration, but that's impossible in motion pictures. There we speak the only language in the world that cannot lie. An idea that exists in the mind writes itself on the face, on the entire body, in fact."

SIMPLY dressed, no jewelry, except a string of pearls and a marriage ring (that Joseph Schenck gave her ten years ago), this screen muse is the only one in the profession who has accumulated over a million dollars through her tragic picturizations. After she will have completed *Camille,* Miss Talmadge will do a few pictures for the United Artists and then, retire.

"My great ambition," she said sentimentally, "is to do medical work—to associate myself with a hospital—turn my beautiful Santa Monica home into a convalescent home for children—and with a few capable attendants, to nurse the youngsters back to health."

A wet head poked itself into the doorway with just two large, dark eyes glaring through. "Missing anything, am I?", she shot out, followed by a quick "Do you mind if I come in this way—I just can't be on the quiet side of the door—when there's a single sign of life coming from the other side."

As the straight, bold strands of yellow-white hair dried, they took on a defiance that crowned the pert mouth and saucy nose of the only moving-picture star who confines her work to comedy.

"Constance, will you have some tea?", Norma solicitously inquired. "Yes, thanks, but nothing to eat with it." As she said this she straightened up and touched her hips, rolling her eyes upward, at the same time.

"Ten pounds worth of fun in Europe—for which I must atone now," she continued.

"Aren't men lucky?", she asked emphatically.

"If I were a man——," she started.

"WHAT would you do that you can't do now?" I inquired.

After squinting her keen, popping eyes, she said: "I don't know offhand what I would do, but I do know what I wouldn't do."

Something of grave importance, from the tone in which she said it.

"On with the music!" from Norma.

"Well," she commenced, "Wouldn't is an awfully strong word. I should say 'shouldn't.'"

"Don't, Constance—don't," Norma pleaded in a burlesqued melodramatic tone, "don't keep us in such suspense."

"I'd not step on dancing partner's satin pumps," Constance pouted, kicking off her mule, and revolving her big toe.

"Why," from Norma, "do you prefer velvet ones?"

Disposing of her sister's frivolity with a wave of the hand, Constance went on: "Wouldn't smoke perfumed cigarettes, or a strong pipe on the observation platform of a train."

Fearing additional interruption, she took a deep breath, and warned us that she was prepared to enumerate the rest of the "wouldn't" in rapid succession.

She did.

"I wouldn't ask every other person whether he or she thinks the bald spot on the back of my head is noticeable."

Only our laughter interrupted her vehemence.

"Tune in on a Hawaiian orchestra on the radio and then tell my friends I got Honolulu."

In all seriousness she continued: "Laugh at my own stories before the guests do."

"Claim to know how to 'fix' traffic cops—and pay cold cash in court the next day."

And putting up her hand, as though she were stopping some traffic, she concluded, with a gesture of finality: "Then I'd hire a nice, safe electric horse to ride—so that my friends couldn't see me fall off."

Digging Ditches for D. W. Griffith

Paved the Way for Monte Blue's Screen Career

By Our CINEMA COMMISSIONER

THE glimmer of "The Golden State," the freedom of the West and the ruggedness of the picturesque mountain ranges seduced Monte Blue fourteen years ago, as it has and will continue to do to lovers of the warm smile of sunny California.

Human, humble, sincere—he spoke with the simplicity of a big boy as he said: "Got a job to dig a ditch on the back of the old Griffith lot—as pick and shovel man, at $1.50 a day. Noon-hour, one day (about three months after I had been digging), we were eating our chunks of bread and cheese—and one of my meditative moods attacked me. I started talking to a group of the laborers, airing some of my ideals. They liked it. I grew rather excited—and one of them handed me a soap-box. I climbed it, and began to speak. Became enthusiastic and emphatic. Suddenly a voice from behind called to me: 'Say fellow, come here.'"

"Who was it?" I asked.

"Mr. Griffith. I was sure I was bounced. 'What are you doing?' he asked.

"'Putting in a foundation,' I said—(and I may as well admit to you, there was a tremolo in my voice)—because I remembered too well the numerous meals I missed but four months before.

"'Are you an actor?' he shot at me—it was as though a missile struck me.

"And just as quickly I answered: 'No.'

"You're the first honest man I've met here. How would you like to act as agitator of a mob in a strike?'

"I told him he'd better try me out first, because I'd had no experience. He gave me a chance—and after I got myself into a terrible fury—stirring up the mob, he said: 'Fine.' I asked him when he wanted me to start. He said that the camera had already gotten the entire thing. It was the film in which Robert Edeson starred."

With his hand on his chest, and the gratitude that is born of hardship, he continued: "I give you my word, I was so tickled to be working that I didn't care what I got—$10 a week."

"Stirring mobs all the time?" I queried.

"Not quite. For three years I broke my neck for heroes—sprained a leg, twisted my back and fractured my skull. Then I became a heavy, with a long, wire moustache, stealing away children and being generally villainous."

He talked admiringly of the decorum in the theatre as against the informality of working in a motion picture studio where there is often a huge number of sets working simultaneously, with occasionally but three feet of space allocated to each set. There the actor has to restrict himself to movement, ever conscious that if he turn to the right he might be bumping into the eye of the fellow on that set, or overturning the pail belonging to the one on the left. Then the disconcerting noises. A dog barking on one set—carpenters working on another, music, shouts from directors, and sundry other noises.

"But stars," I reminded him, "they are treated with greater deference, are they not?"

"A Hearty Welcome to All!" says Monte Blue

"Stars!" he repeated. A little of the cynic co-mingled with much of the critic arrested his first thought and substituted a second. He was quiet. Reviewing in his mind the years of work and study he has been devoting to motion pictures, the books he reads on the technique of photographic effects, the histories of nations, their people, habits—the countless subjects he has promised himself still to read and the gruesome courts and tombs in which he has spent days, in order to absorb some of the atmosphere for his next picture.

After deliberating, he said: "I was just thinking about the abused term 'star.' It is curious how some inconsequential person entirely out of sight wakens one day to find himself or herself on the 'milky way,' all through, perhaps, a good wardrobe. which naturally accounts for so much bad acting. Not so on the legitimate stage. There an actor 'arrives' only through application and study. Then the professional jealousy," he started to say, as I interrupted to remind him that it existed everywhere.

"But do you realize how it manifests itself on the screen?" he asked. He cited instances where some actors who want to be constantly in front of the camera, afraid that some minor in the cast would slip up—keep right in the center of the three feet, like fixtures, with many an irate word exploded at intervals.

Abolishing the star system Monte Blue feels most definitely would permit better casts, and that would eliminate these unbalanced stories prescribed for one actor. He thinks that the motion picture actors, on the whole, have personality, but not individuality, and that the moment he tries to be what he is not he may as well step out of the rowboat, into the water. "And then," he said: "one has to be a Channel swimmer to make the grade."

"What is the conscious appeal you make?"

"A very natural one," he answered. "I don't resort to my clothes—I am not a Beau Brummel, nor could I be one. I love to do things that you are in on, not I, like falling on banana peels, or anything else that is no fun for me—but causes laughter."

"Clowning?" I asked.

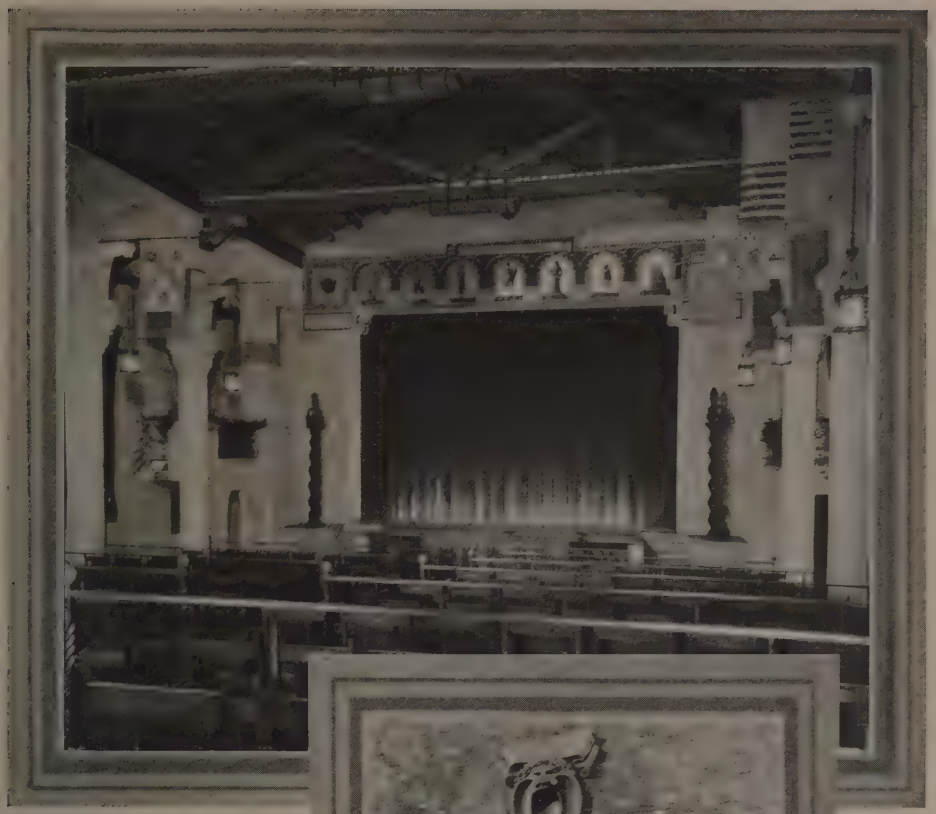
"Suppose it is that. I was one for a year with Ringling Brothers," he retorted.

Most of his fan letters come from parents who either say that their little boy wants to be like

(*Continued on page* 74)

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited by M. E. KEHOE



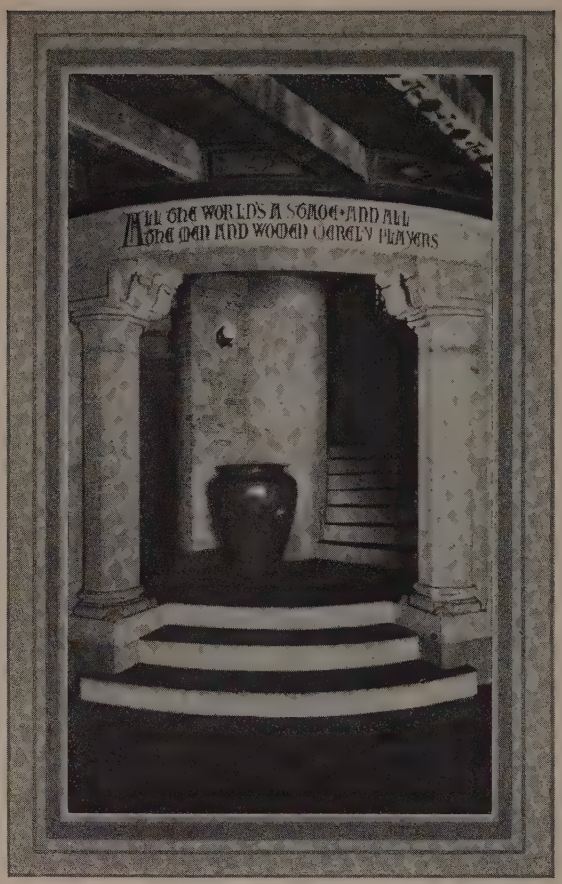
The auditorium of The Players' Playhouse, Detroit, is reminiscent of the great halls of Northern Italy, in its architecture and color scheme. A unique feature is the terraced floor, divided by wrought iron railings, which permits the use of tables for the supper which follows each performance

Right: A doorway that welcomes good fellowship—The Players' Playhouse, Detroit, with The Players' emblem guarding the portal

Below: Simplicity and dignity are the outstanding features of the Foyer, which is finished in brick, with battened doors of old chestnut

GLIMPSES OF THE PLAYERS' PLAYHOUSE DETROIT

(Story on following page)



A great circular stair built of stone and brick, winds up from the foyer, to the Players' Playroom, at the Players' Playhouse, Detroit

A Theatre For Men Only

A Unique Detroit Playhouse Devoted to the Spirit of Camaraderie

By J. H. NEEBE

SIXTEEN years ago, six men of Detroit, imbued with a love of the Theatre, and alive to the call of good fellowship, organized The Players. To-day it has a membership of four hundred, and a theatre that cost $150,000.00! The original six, though they laid their plans well, little dreamed of such progress, but the beautiful playhouse dedicated in December, 1926, stands as a tribute to their leadership and their vision.

Once a month, men only—business men, lawyers, journalists and other professional men of Detroit—gather at The Players, where fellow-members act in comedy, tragedy, drama, and play and sing for their entertainment, on a stage whose construction and equipment is of the most modern type.

MANY of the plays produced at The Playhouse are written by members. All are acted by them. Some of them are musical and of a quality Broadway would like to hum. Stage direction, stage management, and stage crew too, are drawn from the membership. There are no social lines drawn at The Players, and the camaraderie of men of influence in civic, industrial, financial and social circles—men who have achieved their millions, and young men just starting out on the journey of life, all animated by a common love of the theatre—makes the monthly Frolic a unique example of the busy Detroit man's interest in one of the oldest arts.

The Frolics present interesting pictures. The dignified president of a great corporation, perspiring as he good-naturedly and rather expertly screws down a stage brace; an energetic electrotype salesman swinging a heavy prop over his head; a millionaire builder of skyscrapers, aloft in a fly gallery, receiving shouted orders from an office appliance salesman to disentangle a fouled batten; the huge switchboard responding to the touch of a well-known advertising copy writer.

RUNNING through a last minute rehearsal, before the rise of the scarlet velvet curtain one sees a charming blonde, preferred by many gentlemen during business hours, when *he* is a brunette bond sales*man;* an art director, garbed in the habiliments of the villain, and a portly officer of the law, who during the day, functions as the vice-president of an oil company!

The president of the largest industry in the world is in the audience, second row on the aisle. Over there sits the dramatic critic of the greatest daily newspaper enterprise of the old and new world, sure of an enjoyable evening; the two "Eddies"—Guest and Rickenbacker, both "aces" of their kind; bankers, writers, advertising men, automobile manufacturers, dealers and salesmen; printers, merchants; a scattering of celebrated judges and lawyers, and a dozen or more physicians and surgeons, are part of the audience, and all are members of The Players' Club.

And when the curtain falls at ten-thirty—then it is that good fellowship prevails. A supper is served in the auditorium, which is terraced to allow the use of tables, and it is followed by "The Afterglow," an informal presentation of skits, music and extemporaneous witticisms.

THE back-stage mechanical and technical features distinguish the stage as probably one of the best equipped and largest non-professional stages in the country. Nothing is lacking to delight the heart of the expert stage hand. Each dressing-room door is fancifully lettered with the name of a famous actor—Booth, Mansfield, Jefferson, Barrymore, *et al.* These open into a corridor which runs parallel with the auditorium, and additional dressing-rooms are provided beneath the stage.

The architectural scheme of The Playhouse is a combination of Romanesque, Renaissance and Tudor, providing a unique and distinctive architectural individuality. The auditorium is reminiscent of the great halls to be found in the towns of Northern Italy, and it is overarched with a roof trussed with heavy girders, which with the purlins and battens, form the base of a beautiful polychrome ceiling.

AGAINST side walls of masonry blocks are hung a series of murals by Paul Honore, depicting the strolling players of the Middle ages. Wrought-iron lanterns which hang from gargoyles provide the illumination, and above the gargoyles hang old silk flags decorated with devices symbolical of the arts and crafts which make up the theatre of to-day. This regal setting—the autographed chairs, and the tufted silence under-foot—contrive to give The Players' an atmosphere not to be found in any other non-professional theatre, and that is as it should be, because the idea behind The Players' is in itself unique, and as yet untried elsewhere.

WE have said that The Players' is for men only—but there are exceptions to this rule, for once a year, at the May Frolic, ladies and non-members are invited as guests of members. And during the season, Saturday matinées, are given for the benefit of the children of members. At these matinées, marionettes, Punch and Judy shows, little special acts, films and comics are presented for the entertainment of the children, and the entire Playhouse is at the disposal of these girls and boys and their mothers, on the special Saturdays on which they are invited.

But the membership itself is still "for men only"—as planned by the original six, sixteen years ago!

The Amateur's Green Room

The Shreveport Little Theatre

ORGANIZED by a small number of drama-loving devotees who were eager to acquaint themselves with the trend in contemporary play-writing and production, the Shreveport Little Theatre has probably paralleled the experience of the majority of other earnest but sparsely equipped groups. Its early history and development, fitful and precarious, chronicles amateur directing, ungratifying experiments in casting, in building sets, in unifying the numerous elements of any first-class production. They knew all the vicissitudes and the growing-pains experienced by Little Theatre groups since the first group of "torchbearers" trod the boards.

During its first era this group confined its activities mainly to one-act plays, endeavoring to combat public indifference to dramalets with but dubious success.

However, through the persistent pegging of the board of directors, headed by the first president, Mr. E. R. Jones, and continued under the present executive, Mr. C. R. Minor, a professional director, was at length secured and the Shreveport Little Theatre entered upon a period of steadily mounting success.

Harry A. Huguenot conducted the season of 1925-26, producing plays so excellently cast and directed that public response was immediately perceptible in requests for memberships. At the end of this season the roll of members showed a figure more than six times that of any preceding season. No longer was the organization sponsored and maintained by a certain social set. Interest in the finished play and in acting was shown by widely different types, by people from all sections of the community, thus proclaiming the theatre a genuinely vital factor in Shreveport's cultural and artistic life.

Three-act plays given during this season were *Adam and Eva, Dear Me, Wedding Bells, Mr. Pim Passes By,* and *Outward Bound.* There had been discussion among the committee as to the advisability of presenting the last-named play during the organization's first season, but contrary to the fears of the few dubious ones, the play was acclaimed as one of the most enjoyed and signally successful of the repertory.

The season culminated in a burst of glory with *The Cajun,* by Ada Jack Carver. This play won second place in the Belasco Little Theatre tournament, New York, incidentally presenting the judges, who finally gave it second instead of first place, with the most difficult decision in the history of the contest. The play also won a Samuel French award upon its excellence as an original manuscript. When the cast of *The Cajun* returned to Shreveport it was a gala event for the town. The mayor and other dignitaries headed the enthusiastic crowd that swarmed to greet the arrival of the triumphant group at the station.

Setting for *The Cajun,* by Ada Jack Carver, which won second prize for the Shreveport Little Theatre, at the Belasco Little Theatre Tournament, and was the result of a play-writing contest conducted jointly by the Shreveport *Times* and the Little Theatre. The properties for the play were assembled from an old plantation at Natchitoches, La.

The choice of this vehicle for the talented Louisiana players was the result of a play-writing contest conducted jointly by the leading newspaper of Shreveport, the *Times,* and the Little Theatre. The contest arose from a suggestion of Mr. Huguenot, who, although a newcomer, recognized at once the region's rich asset in romance and tradition as dramatic material. It was a happy coincidence that the prize play should have emanated from the pen of Ada Jack Carver, who is rapidly gaining an enviable reputation as a clever interpreter of Louisiana's colorful atmosphere.

The play was presented five nights to packed houses in Shreveport, and during the next week, with continued hearty receptions, to the neighboring towns. Indeed, in the single season of its reorganization, the Shreveport Little Theatre had arrived.

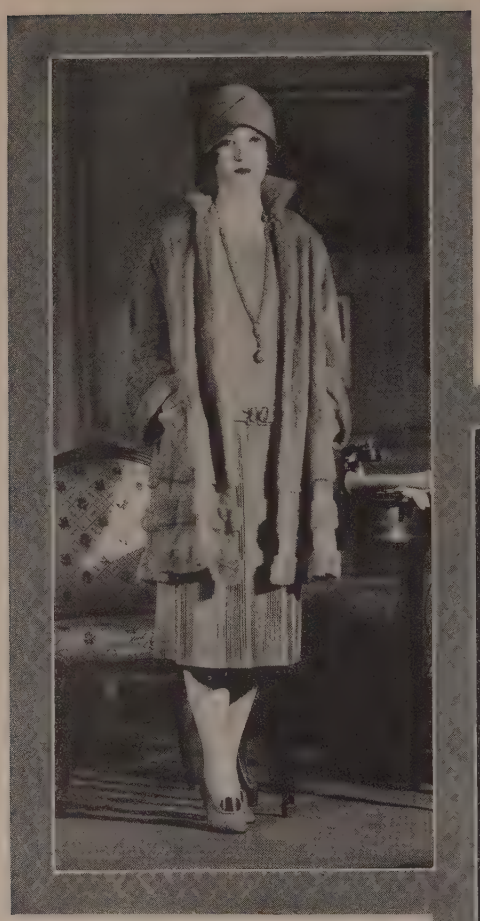
The opening of the present season presages another successful year. Mr. Huguenot having returned to professional work, Arthur Maitland has been secured as director. He comes from Le Petit Théâtre de Vieux Carré of New Orleans, bearing with him a record of executive ability, demonstrated by an increased membership and enlarged scope of activity during three successful seasons in that city.

Plays are at present given in the auditorium of the Woman's Department Club. However, plans have been drawn, and arrangements are rapidly progressing toward an adequate and artistic home in which the Shreveport Little Theatre can experiment and expand along its chosen lines.

The building committee, headed by a former mayor and a citizen always to the fore in notable community enterprises—John McWilliams Ford—has been indefatigable in making known the town's need for such a building and in assisting its financing. It is anticipated that the Theatre's dedication will not be later than the first of the new year.

The triumph which brought to an end their first potent season, should inspire the Shreveport Little Theatre to even bigger and better things than they have yet accomplished.

FASHIONS OF THE STAGE



Helen Menken in a youthful costume of beige summer ermine and sea-foam green-crêpe from Lucile's Staff, Inc.

Hats from Jay-Thorpe
Shoes from Delman

Ann Andrews delights her audiences with this top-coat of beige suède cloth luxurious with natural lynx, from Bergdorf Goodman

Helen Menken and Ann Andrews interpret the mode of the moment, in the play of the moment—
The Captive

Miss Menken's sylph-like figure is enhanced by this gray chiffon one-piece afternoon gown draped at the left hip. A butterfly effect cascades from the back left shoulder. Lucile's Staff, Inc.

Photos Vandamm

This pajama suit worn by Grace Menken in *Two Girls Wanted,* assumes a new form in the shape of fitted trousers held up by crossed suspenders over a georgette blouse. A tuxedo coat and vest of gold cloth complete an unusual ensemble

Catherine Ray in *A Night in Paris,* adopts a Parisian idea, sponsoring pajamas that are taking the place of the hostess gown with the ultra smart

Eleanor Woodruff appearing in the *Donovan Affair* always delights with her perfect selection of clothes. Her gown is of gold cloth and black velvet with the popular hip girdle

This exquisite feminine transformation is chosen for a more formal occasion when one's mood is perhaps more restrained. Close about the ears, the soft outline about the forehead is the last word in a coiffure

A transformation of silvery-white recently worn at a casino in Deauville. It covered the bob of the smart Parisienne so that not a hair of her dark locks were to be seen. This type of modern wig is in high favor with smart women both in Paris and New York

The same Parisienne on a following night at the casino changes her appearance entirely with a piquant transformation of chestnut-brown hair, introducing the bang

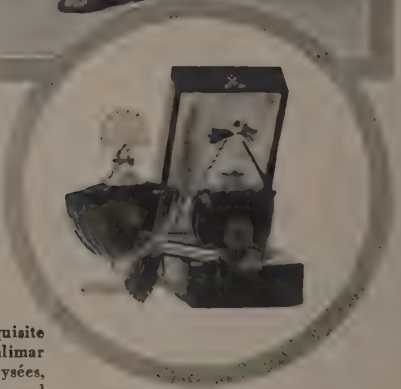
Transformations from Manuel

Caron's new product for the bath—Bain de Champagne, and an exquisite perfume appropriate for the holidays; Nuit de Noël

An intriguing jet-black bottle flecked with gold introduces parfum Miracle, by Lentheric. The smaller bottle holds another fragant Lentheric essence, Lotus d'or

Two Roger & Gallet favorites, Le Jade and Fleurs d'Amour, suggest delightful and appreciated Christmas gifts

Yvonne D'Arle is every inch the Countess in the beautiful clothes she has selected for her rôle in *Countess Maritza*



Guerlain's exquisite new essences, Shalimar and Champs Elysées, lure both the eye and the senses

Morny's six fragrant arguments in favor of the bath, take the form of bath salts, dusting powder, soap, bath cubes and toilet water

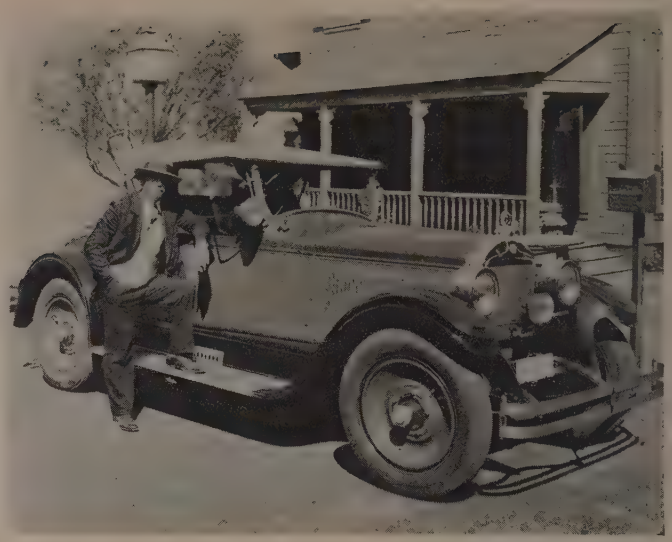
Coty presents this attractive set for Christmas. The box contains perfume, toilet water, sachet and face powder in all their popular scents

Luella Gear intrigues her audiences at "Queen High" with these interesting gowns, hats and accessories

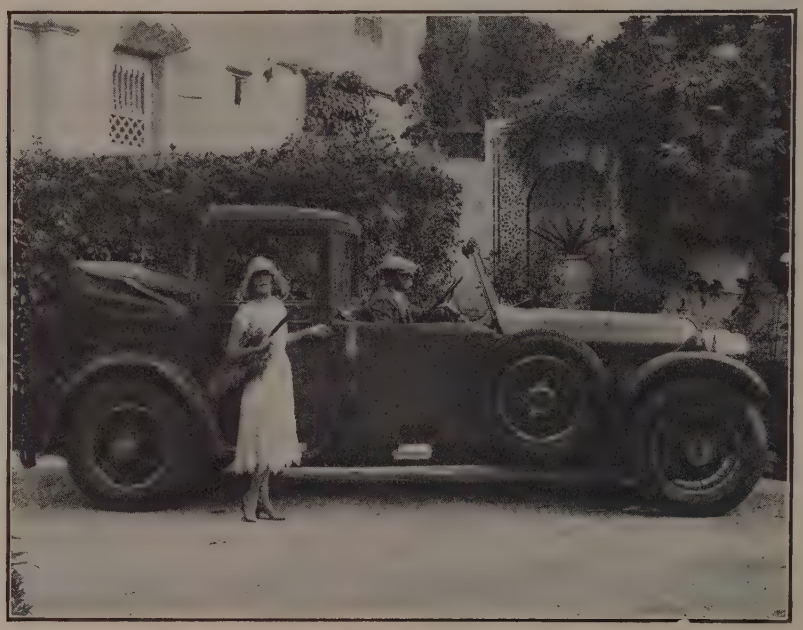
Photos Irving Chidnoff

THESE CARS ARE LIKE SUCCESSFUL PLAYERS

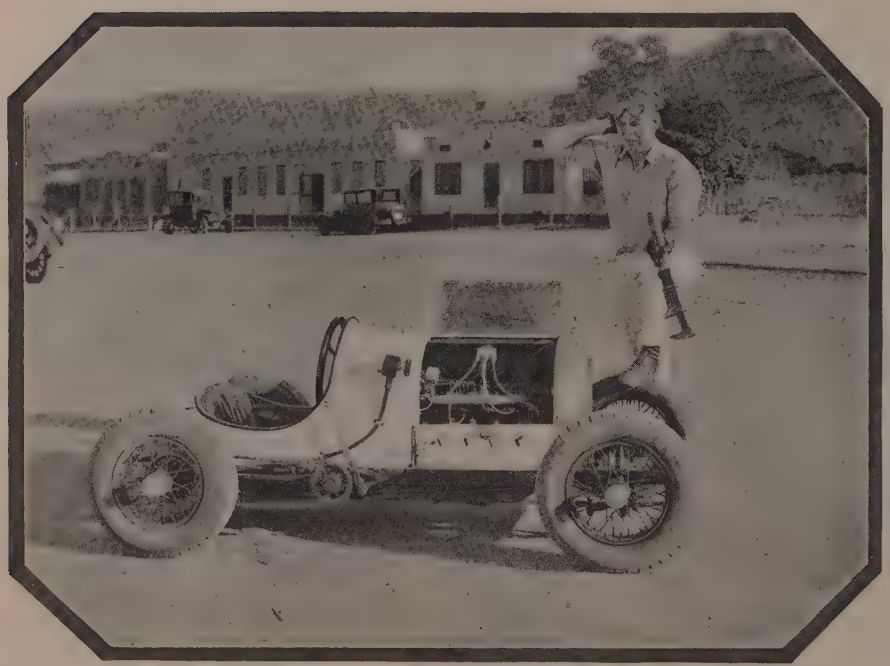
The Longer They Act — the Greater Their Performance



George Cooper, Metro player, was "out where the West begins," on location for *The Mysterious Island*, but "land or sea, my Hup's with me," he told the reporter. After a strenuous mountain trip across roads where Man is rarely seen, the sturdy roadster returned looking like this



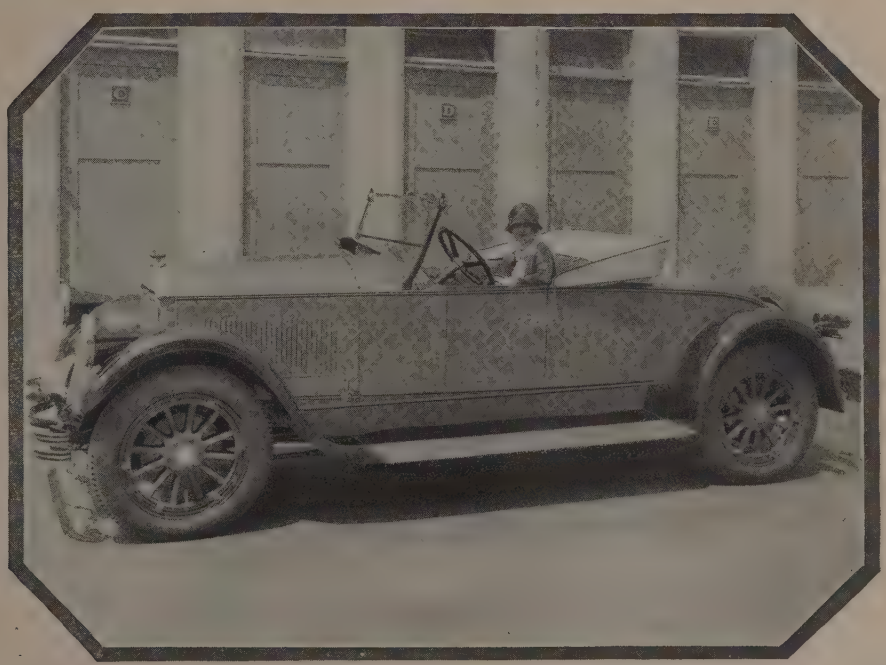
"This is perfect recreation," Blanche Sweet enthused, "to get into my Cunningham Town Car, on one of those balmy California afternoons, and glide over the rough roads as glibly as a canoe over tranquil waters."



"Don't stand there worried, Hoot," say we, "go get a watch repairer." Hoot Gibson, Universal Star, is puzzled over the intricacy of the tiny engine in the baby racing car which he had specially built for him

Edna Hibbard, the brunette in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, prefers spending her time driving one of the new Essex Coaches, to gold-digging. She says that when she puts the brake on her Duco-finished car, it stops instantaneously, but a "gentleman"——

Raymond Hitchcock, of genial fame, confesses that he has driven and sworn at cars all over the world, in every language, and in his opinion he finds the Marmon Roadster, the best car for the road, giving that as his reason for having purchased his ninth of the same make



Alice White, the new First National player, says that it's not that the dressing-rooms are so small, as it is that her smart Pierce Arrow is so large that it covers the area of five doors

JUAREZ AND MAXIMILIAN

(*Continued from page* 28)

MAXIMILIAN: Don't! All that for me! I martyred a saint, I allowed that hideous journey. How have I sinned against life that turns everything I do to horror? But destiny is not in my hands. Down there at the city hall the council of state is considering my abdication. My personal happiness must yield to higher considerations.

Lares and the councillors come in and formally announce that the abdication has been refused. The shy Maximilian is deeply affected by this seeming loyalty and later refuses to harken to the importunities of Herzfeld that he escape while there is yet time. In the eighth picture at the Palace at Mexico City, however, he learns of the true state of affairs from none other than Pierron, who has sincerely repented of his faithlessness when he realizes the full villainy of Bazaine. Maximilian again draws up a manifesto publishing his final decision to surrender his claims and leave the country. He is about to send it to the printers when a stranger is granted audience. He turns out to be a very distinguished guest.

STRANGER (*quietly*): Maximilian of Austria! You will not betray the faith I put in you. During my imprisonment in Puebla you accorded me the honor of a visit. To-day I return the call—I, Porfirio Diaz! (Maximilian silently retreats across the room) I put myself in mortal danger to serve you. . . . Here you see a letter from Bazaine offering me mountains of ammunition for sale. I did not answer this proposition nor the more important one offering me the capital and your person. Your soldiers are depressed. Your generals recognize the Republic as their doom. The foundation of monarchy is stupidity and decadence. Do you know that Prince von Hapsburg? . . . You made yourself the tool of Napoleon and of disgusting captains of industry who gladly shed blood to float more stock.

MAXIMILIAN: Now, as always, I believe that legitimate monarchy, free and liberal, as I wanted it, can bring this country release from politics.

DIAZ: And the blood decree?

MAXIMILIAN: I gave my own happiness, my wife, my health for Mexico.

DIAZ: I am here to announce the law, not discuss it. Your own decree pronounces your sentence. The President would have to execute it. But as you still have a little moment of time, he pardons you.

MAXIMILIAN (*agonized*): Pardons me, me! Me, me!

DIAZ: Yes, he, the cursed little Indian, pardons you, the Hapsburg.

MAXIMILIAN (*hurrying to the door*): Unbearable. I can't stand any more. I'll——

DIAZ (*with great calm*): I shall see just what a Hapsburg is.

MAXIMILIAN (*stops*): You are under my protection, general.

DIAZ: Your pardon depends on one condition; self-recognition. Recognition of yourself will dictate the letter you write Benito Juarez. In the letter you will make a complete renunciation, express your deep remorse, and ask for free conduct to Vera Cruz. Your only punishment is to be self-knowledge. That is my message.

Diaz disappears and Maximilian throws off his paralysis and rushes to the bell. Others hurry in.

MAXIMILIAN: Lopez! The generals! Instantly. Go! Basch, break up the type sets of the abdication manifesto.

BASCH: For heaven's sake, what does this mean?

MAXIMILIAN (*stamps his foot*): No questions. We shall assemble our troops at Queretaro at once!

BASCH: Queretaro! That's a regular trap.

MAXIMILIAN: I know it.

* * * * * * *

THE third phrase of the play begins with the ninth picture, that of the front line of Maximilian's position at the Bell-Mound at Queretaro. Only bad reports seep in from his other generals and their positions. At the instigation of his one truly faithful and capable commander, the Indian, Thomas Meja, Maximilian is persuaded to seek a safer retreat. Maximilian is courageously stubborn, although undoubtedly conceding eventual defeat. His mind turns to philosophizing.

MAXIMILIAN: Self-knowledge? We never have more knowledge of ourselves than we can bear. I have learned to bear a great deal of it. Pain does not educate, only danger. My body is sick. But I feel this strange romantic soil beneath my feet as a wanderer senses the journey's end. I'm so queerly happy. For the first time in Mexico. And happy men are lucky.

Unlucky, poor Maximilian, however, for through the machinations of the traitor Lopez the army's position is surrounded and just as the dawn is breaking Diaz's men march in and without a cry or alarm take possession. The proud Hapsburg is marched away.

The eleventh picture is the government seat of President Juarez at San Luis Potosi. Maximilian has been condemned to death, and the valiant intercessions of Herzfeld and Basch, even a special pleading from Garibaldi, the Italian patriot, are of no avail. Diaz, as always the only visible spokesman of the mysterious Juarez, will not be swayed by sympathy or pity. Maximilian must fall with the final fall of the monarchical social order from which he could not escape.

The twelfth picture presents Maximilian's cell in the Capuchin Monastery at Queretaro. Dr. Basch is attempting to console the thin wreck of a man that was once the proud Emperor. The latter is calm and resigned to his fate.

MAXIMILIAN: I know that guilt is not to be great enough for one's deeds. Failure is guilt. My structure of a radical monarchy was unreal. Therefore the fault, the lie must be in myself. Guilt. The age of royalty is over. In the shipwreck of the privileged classes poor little kings who are not kings must perish. The hour of the dictators has come. Juraez.

BASCH: Woe to the victorious masses.

MAXIMILIAN: And yet I'm not like you, Franz Joseph. You all shirked your destiny. Mine held me fast. You know I went to Queretaro with my eyes open, Basch, had to go, as Lopez had to betray me (takes a worn letter from his pocket). The last letter from my wife. I haven't had the courage to read it. I can't, Basch, my friend. You open it. Read it.

BASCH (*opens and reads*): "My dearly beloved darling! Everything is fine. You have triumphed. They are afraid to poison me now and leave me in peace. You are part of God's victory over the Archenemy. Your pure heart has changed everything. Your voice is always around me. I was to blame for everything. But now I am happy. For you are the lord of the earth, the sovereign of the universe.

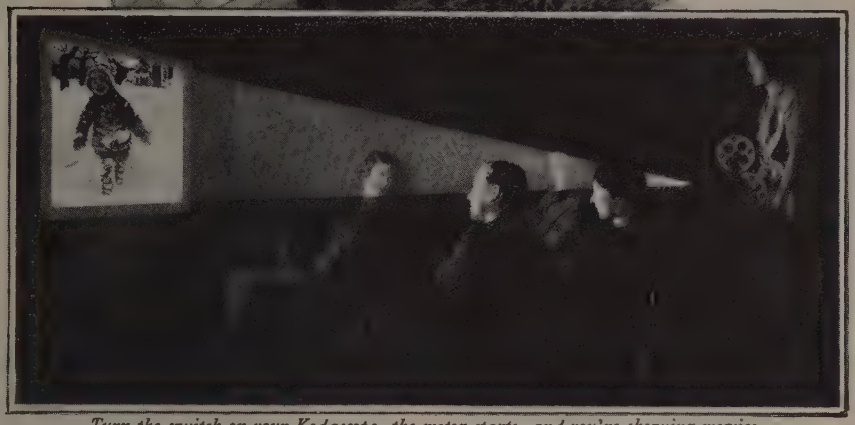
Maximilian falls back in a faint. Presently he revives.

MAXIMILIAN: Curious. A vision—a childish fancy—far away—did I dream it once before? For a flash of time you understand everything. Only a picture—a mountain—I come nearer—a pyramid—men up and down in red lawyer's robes—age old, primævally wise animal faces—and at the summit, carved in stone, Juarez—Juarez—now at last he has appeared to me. But I am not afraid.

A priest enters the cell for the final sacrament. As Maximilian rises to leave, Basch tearfully proffers a lethal powder but the still proud man spurns it.

MAXIMILIAN: Do you want to rob me of my last possession? Only the body knows fear. It shall not dominate me. You mean well, Dr. Basch. I thank you. But I want to experience my death.

(*Concluded on page* 53)



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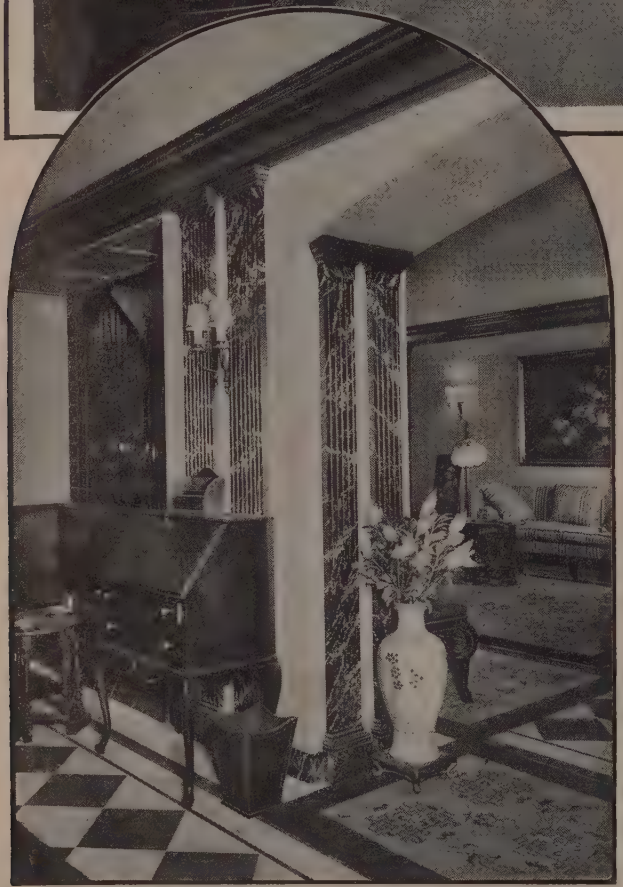

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JUAREZ AND MAXIMILIAN

(*Concluded from page* 50)

Soldiers enter and take him away.

The final, thirteenth picture, and epilogue, takes place in the plaza before the Capuchin Church at Queretaro. A great throng are awaiting the President's entry into the city. Among them are Herzfeld and Basch. A cry from the crowd and Herzfeld cranes his neck off right to behold the man who has become a sort of Mexican legend—Juarez.

HERZFELD: A little old man—his coat fits badly—he walks gingerly. He goes ahead. He walks in. He stands before the Emperor's bier. The Emperor? He's nothing more now than a piece of furniture they're haggling over. In three months it will all be a yellow newspaper clipping, in one year a story, and then—

BASCH: Juarez is the great, the real master of this age. Let us go.

HERZFELD: And then blood, always more bloodshed and then forgotten. (softly, almost reverently) Maximilian—

THE CROWD (*convulsively*): Juarez!

CURTAIN

THE BARRYMORE OF BERLIN

(*Continued from page* 32)

announces that he disbelieves in morality because he is a disciple of Bernard Shaw, and Sir Patrick replies, "Bernard Shaw? I never heard of him," there is an immediate laugh. But Shaw's translator (or, as is extremely probable, Shaw himself) has added a further twist to the situation by having one of the doctors exclaim, "Oh, Shaw! I know who you mean. He's a writer of poor plays." "What!" Dubedat protests, "you call *The Doctor's Dilemma* a poor play?" "Wait," replies Walpole, completing the howling absurdity, "we shall see." This interpolation, though it may not have been inserted by the Irishman himself, was surely inspired by the same Shaw who wrote the self-discussion which fills the epilogue of *Fanny's First Play*.

A concluding word concerning Moissi's support, which was a triumph of virtuosity. Although the company of the *Deutsches Volkstheater* is one with which Moissi plays only as occasional "guest," although it is rated no higher than the second repertoire organization in Vienna, nothing less than the Moscow Art Theatre is its superior, and any aggregation in America—including any "all-star cast" of the last ten years—is as near its stature as the Statue of Liberty approaches the Matterhorn in height. One realizes the failure of the successful American producer with his claptrap commercial stage, and one appreciates the need for a subsidized Repertoire theatre, after witnessing half a dozen of the ordinary seven-days-a-week productions of this group, which the Viennese does not consider anything at all out of the ordinary. Not merely is the general *ensemble* acting a unit to express one intention—the author's—but the individuals are, far from a set of self-exploiting marionettes, the living expressions of what, on too many stages, are merely loud and posturing shadows of reality. Franz Scharwenka made his King Claudius—that thankless rôle which usually seems no more than a stuffed dummy bolstered up by a crown and a few lines of blank verse—not merely a vivid human being, but, in his decisive will, the foil and natural opponent of Hamlet. Thus the element of personal as well as psychic conflict was added to Moissi's struggling soliloquist. The direct masculinity of Horatio was beautifully suggested by Leopold Iwald who, in the Shavian comedy, brought out the fatuity of the bumptious Sir Bloomfield Bennington with equally subtle effect. . . . But Moissi is the fire by whose reflection these players shone with a light that is not wholly their own. America has seen Reinhardt as a creator of spectacles. If, after giving us *The Miracle*, he can be persuaded to bring over Moissi, his greatest personal discovery, the actors—and critics—of the United States will have a new, and higher, mark at which to aim.

Barbara Newberry, Please!

BY error, the portrait of Barbara Newberry which appeared on page 9 of our November issue, was captioned "Louise Brown."

Barbara Newberry, who is only sixteen years old, and probably the youngest principal among the Ziegfeld forces, commenced her training some ten years ago at the Metropolitan Ballet School. A notable experience for so young a dancer was leading the child ballet in the first production of *La Juive*, when Caruso and Ponselle sang the principal rôles. Then came a part in the production of Tarkington's *Penrod* with a season of trouping.

On leaving the ballet school Miss Newberry underwent the thrill of a Ziegfeld try-out at the New Amsterdam Theatre, as a result of which she signed a contract with that manager and soon after made her appearance in the *Follies*.

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FIRST NIGHTS—FROM THE REAR

(*Continued from page* 10)

ignore the ushers' requests for their seat checks. They'll hunt madly for a close-up of some celebrity and then when successful pretend to be impressed not a whit, nudgings of companions to the contrary. When the lights begin to lower they will all scramble to their seats and keep their early neighbors from hearing at least the first half-dozen speeches of the play. But that, sad to relate, is all in the first-night game.

By the time the stage-manager has called "first act, please," or, if the management is affluent enough, by the time he has given the signal for the overture, the actors are sure to be found properly placed, either on the scene itself or at near-by doors awaiting their entrance cues. Dignity, control, nervousness, hopefulness, anxiety, but mostly a desire to get this damnably critical occasion done with. No need to ask how the house is, for don't the tickets cost more than on any other occasion?

These few minutes just before the rise of the curtain are probably the most trying of the evening. One well-known player recently received among the flood of well-wishing telegrams which friends bestow on these occasions a message hoping for success and adding "Remember, eleven o'clock is sure to come!" But however long the overture, it is sure to end. Then the theatre lights are darkened, the coughing and whispering begins to dull, there is a significant pause (that magic second just before the curtain rises), and the play is on. The first familiar lines are heard by those back-stage, who now tiptoe around and if forgetfully speaking too loudly, are promptly shushed by the stage-manager or other actors.

FEELING OUT THE AUDIENCE

THE first sign of actual interest from the audience, usually a welcome laugh, gives heart to the players awaiting their turns, and as other actors come from their dressing-rooms in ample time for later cues, they listen attentively for such signs from the audience or whisperingly ask, "How's she going?"

Sometimes the manager who is sponsoring the play, or the director who has earnestly coached the players during the hard weeks of rehearsal, or perhaps the author himself or herself, is to be found back of the scenes, pacing nervously but quietly up and down (unless it's the stage of an art theatre, when there is apt to be no room for such emotional expression), noting the reactions of the audience, the response of the actors to their instructions, helping the play along, disappointed at the loss of a hoped-for point or joyous over an unexpected bit of appreciation. Often these three persons are to be found in obscure parts of the house or even walking near-by streets, but occasionally they feel more at home back where the wheels are turning, back with the work and the workers they really love.

PLAYERS PAT EACH OTHER'S BACKS

THE first act over and the many curtain calls done with, the actors disperse quickly, clearing the stage before the avid stage-hands have the scenery down about them. These changes of scene must be effected swiftly. The audience may keep the stage waiting, but it's bad business every second the stage keeps the audience waiting. On the way to their dressing-rooms the actors exchange remarks about the way the act went, apologize for muffed lines or cues snapped up too quickly, and perhaps congratulate a fellow player on the hand he received at his exit. The director may offer a fresh word of advice and somebody is sure to pop through the stage door and assure everyone of the excellent start the play has made. "Great work!" "If they like the second act as well, the play is surely over."

Once in their rooms for changes, the actors are as quietly concerned as ever. Although they are much more comfortably in harness once having got the play under way, there are still two acts to be contended with, and these undoubtedly contain the big moments which, while perhaps the easiest to act, are still the most important scenes and have everything to do with the fate of their engagement. It's not over yet, by a long shot.

Because of the crowded house, the intermission is longer than usual and the calling of the second act again finds everyone back-stage quite ready. As the act progresses the playing of it is sure to command as much attention from the rear as it does from the front. From behind the players feel how it is being received and in spirit helping the acting of it almost as much as if they themselves were a part of it. And the end of this act, if accompanied by success, is of course the occasion for prolonged applause, speechmaking perhaps, or even cheering from the more emotionally inclined in the audience. So the play is delayed some twenty or thirty minutes beyond the schedule which will prevail at future performances.

It is during this entr'acte that the first let-down occurs back-stage. Actors begin to breathe more easily. The greater part of the battle has been fought. Even if the hoped-for enthusiasm from the front has not been achieved, the major part of the trying evening has passed. By now the actors are so much in harness that the playing of the last act is not approached with such fear and trembling. To be sure, if some poor soul has waited all evening to make a first appearance in this act, he or she is not liable to enjoy this new-found

(*Concluded on page* 56)

WATCH YOUR THROAT!

Don't let it become serious!

AS you probably know, certain harmful bacteria are constantly present in the mouth and throat. And unless proper precautions are employed these disease germs may often get the upper hand and multiply more rapidly than nature can fight them off.

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FIRST NIGHTS—FROM THE REAR

(*Concluded from page* 54)

freedom. And although many a last act has made or marred a play, the actors never seem conscious of this fact and they approach it with optimistic hopes that it will "hold up."

And so the last act, usually shorter than the others, is played and the final curtain descends to rise and fall as often as the first-nighters demand, and sometimes oftener, alas! While the critics hurry away to their typewriters, many of the audience continue to applaud the curtain up and down, up and down, and then, unsatiated, rush back-stage to congratulate their friends and talk of a long, long season. Or if they cannot feel that the play warrants the latter, they rush back none the less and confine their remarks to praising individual performances and relaying snatches of gossip which they "just happened to overhear" from this critic or that celeb. "My dear, you were ravishing, positively!" "Corking, old man, immense!" "Well, folks, you sure put it over; they ate it up." "That second-act dress, darling!" "Looks like you got something; Woollcott and Broun didn't sleep a wink."

And lest the reader be led to think that these intimacies, featuring the nervousness of the players, are out of proportion to the importance of their contributions, it must be remembered that the work of the author, which has perhaps run into months; the work of the manager and director, which is surely a matter of many weeks, and the cold hard cash of the manager or backer, which must mount well into the thousands, all these on a first night are utterly dependent on the performances the actors give. There is no second chance for a first night. No matter how poorly or how brilliantly an actor has rehearsed or played his part in preliminary performances, this is the one occasion when he must show to best advantage. Think of the Friday afternoon you spoke your well-rehearsed piece before the entire school, including the principal and your Aunt Bedelia!

MY ESCAPE FROM THE BEDROOM PLAYS

(*Continued from page* 9)

audience, knowing that she was under the bed, rocked with joy.

Stage misery is an undoubted basis of comedy. But there is a foundation under a foundation. The subfoundation is indispensable. That is that the man who is to suffer must first make the audience like him. He must be likable or make the audience think he is. If the audience likes him, it sits back and grins in anticipation of his troubles. Because it likes him, it is ready to laugh at and with him.

Being the hero of a comedy, it knows that he is bound to have troubles and to get out of them. Meanwhile it will revel in his miseries. The more miseries the more he will revel. But it must like him. If it doesn't, it won't care whether or not he gets into trouble. And if he does get into trouble, it won't laugh at or with him. It doesn't care what happens to him. The first essential of a comedian, as I see it, is that he be able to make people like him.

"AND SO TO BED"—YAWNS MR. PEPYS

(*Continued from page* 22)

scenes so swiftly sincere and dramatic that one is certain that nobody but Mr. Coward could have written them. He tells a story here, and tells it very well, but he still shows signs of too great facility. The first scene of the first act is incredibly dull, but the second scene is vivid and even moving. Most of the second act is tiresome and tedious. Here Mr. Coward abandoned romance and dealt in realism, but need he have made his royalties so realistically dull as he did? Not even Lady Tree could make the Grand Duchess Emilie of Zalgar interesting. But after that, until the end of the play, pace was gathered, and although too much of the drama was drawn from the theatre and not from life, the conclusion was admirably reached. Sabien displayed a curious lack of intelligence and consideration in shooting himself in the Queen's bedroom, but then good old Krish was there to explain things away.

There is no doubt about the increase in Mr. Coward's quality. He gets steadily better at his job and if he will consent to think more, and to talk less, he will presently startle us with a first-class play. His danger at the moment is his tendency to trust to theatrical effects and to be witty at all costs. Someone said to me lately, "Yes, Noel Coward is very clever, but he has nothing to say!" I dissent from the second part of that assertion, but there are times when Mr. Coward makes it hard for me to maintain my dissent. Miss Madge Titheradge gave a splendid performance as Nadya, except in the scene at the beginning of the second act, where I thought she underacted. But the whole play was underacted at this point. Mr. Herbert Marshall was tremendously effective as Keri, and fine performances were given by Mr. Francis Lister, Mr. C. M. Hallard, Miss Ada King, Lady Tree, and Miss Freda Godfrey. Mr. Disney Roebuck, who had little to do, looked Slavonically impressive.

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PERFUMING THE DRAMA

(*Continued from page* 30)

whispers, "Who can tell, it may even inspire me one of these days to play K'meel!"

For Gertrude Lawrence, who steps out of *Charlot Revue* fame into a musical comedy of her own this season, there is nothing like waking to the smell of coffee. When she reaches out for her favorite cup, her Titian tresses are still untrammeled by the morning brush, her morsel of a nose still childishly shiny and her little mouth not yet curled into a *moue* of perpetual laughter. Speaking of the bath, here is a young woman who takes no chances! She wears long sleeves in her night robes for chastity and does her matutinal vocalizing and an occasional Charleston step in her tub to the certain inspiration of Elizabeth Arden's *Irfie*. Three drops, no more, no less!

Helen Westley's inspiration is the mustiness of back-stage, for which she has forsaken all home except her dressing-rooms in Greenwich Village, or the pungent aroma of coffee in a tiny down-town café, her rendezvous, where she adds another half-moon to the concentric circles beneath her adventurous eyes.

The royal Le Gallienne likes best to shake the dust out of Ibsen. But when she enters the Civic Theatre, a veritable dynamo of energy, the most modern of perfumes will accompany the turquoises dancing in her ears—probably *Chypre,* that one mystic accent to the exquisiteness of her person—although in her spare time Eva Le Gallienne collects ancient perfume and Chinese snuff-bottles with queer undecipherable odors clinging to their jade and carnelian tops. A half-dozen of them usually stand on her desk perfuming the business of the day.

Ina Claire is another collector of fine old things. She likes to rest her cigarette on a faded old drum in her farmhouse sitting-room and seeks a musical sparkle even to her perfume in selecting an opus of Chanel, No. 5, to scent her cigarette.

Mary Ellis loves the smell of old things. One of her chief treasures is a yellowed Louis XIV handkerchief whispering to the Eleonora Duse on the green walls of her boudoir of glories and romance even before her time. No modern perfume can rival the Eau de Cologne that faintly clings to this blood-stained *mouchoir* of a bygone dandy.

Elsie Janis' favorite is *Jasmin de Corse.* Frances Starr leans to *Le Secret,* Helen Chandler uses Guerlain's *Bouquet de Fleurs,* Ethel Shutta likes *Christmas Eve,* Margalo Gillmore loves Guerlain's *Vague Souvenir,* Luella Gear uses D'Orsay's *Camelias,* Janet Beecher's passion is Coty's *Jasmin de Corse,* Mary Boland likes *Jeanne Lanvin,* Mary Eaton swears by Caron's *L'Infini.*

It took three hundred years of lively loves and ambrosial adventures for Helen Menken to discover the perfect cologne, and no *Makropolous Secret* either! Having traveled to France in vain one Summer for *Noël de Nuit,* she found that expensive perfume had been shipped to the United States for sale at a fabulous price. Now she has found in Paris a little manicurist who distills a perfume divine. *Suzanne* it is called.

Hazel Dawn made a trip to the West Indies just to bring back a trunk tray of perfumes, only to find her preference, like Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird,* at home in a *flacon* of Caron's *L'Infini,* that smells one part of Springtime and three parts of adventure.

When, in the perfume shops of Switzerland, Louise Groody goes in quest of an elusive scent, it must be for Guerlain's *Vague Souvenir,* redolent with her favorite gardenia. Usually a corsage of creamy velvet blossoms and shiny dark leaves breathes on the slender strap of her evening gown. A few nights before her departure, while watching the dancing at the Embassy Club—watching because the ideal escort of this *danseuse* must not dance—she astonished the *chef* by ordering petals of gardenia in French dressing. *Voilà* a salad, a perfume, a corsage. Truly the versatile gardenia!

For Lynn Fontanne, returning from abroad with Alfred Lunt, there is a call of the French provinces and flowers which spring up freely on the countryside. When she uses a perfume, it must be redolent with blossoms that whisper to her roseleaf complexion.

Helen Ford's little nose wrinkles appreciatively at a mixture of gasoline and oil. She, too, loves the country, but for her the smell of the open road, the twang of wet turf and the tantalizing whiff of leaves floating by.

Claiborne Foster, who is just climbing out of her overalls into her Park Avenue apartment, adores the woodsiness of burnt marshmallow. Bottled, she calls it Rosine's *Nuit de Chine,* which takes turns with *L'Heure Bleue* and Coty's *Emeraude* on her maple dressing-table.

No such chemical compound gives vitality to Helen Gahagan. Her psychic spirits can rise only in a boudoir given over to the exigencies of sleep, whose walls are hung with green damask like forests with no perceptible doors and whose bed is to be built of special trees she chooses herself from the griseled sides of the White Mountains. "Perfume," exclaims this militant nymph, "it is in the greenness of the grass, the swaying draperies of primitives, the vast arches of St. Patrick's Cathedral. It is not enough that you smell it, you must feel it. It is an atmosphere that must flow over you and bathe all your spirit and carry you back or beyond, but never abandon you for a moment to the present."

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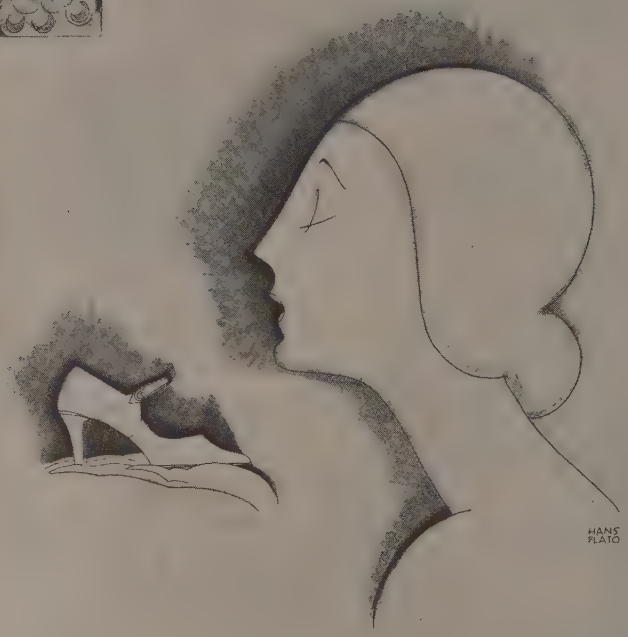
ART IN SHOES



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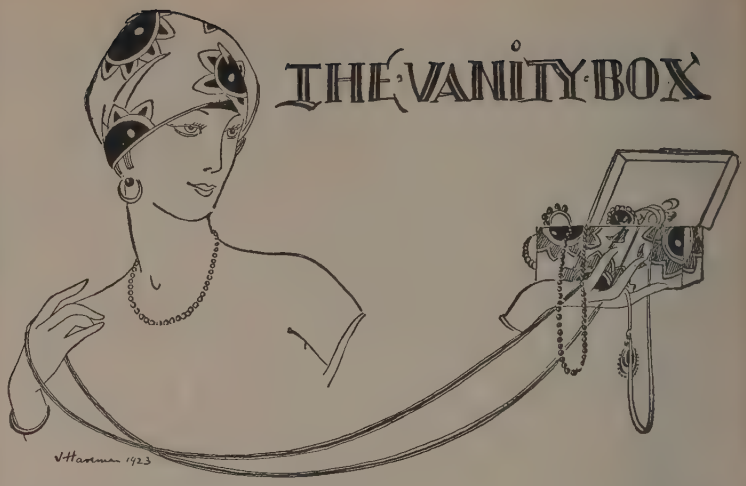
BY BOYD-WELSH

THE VANITY BOX



RUNNING around town the way we do, we're pretty apt to make informal calls on people. Just when we happen to be passing through the streets where they live, you know. Which is in the manner of the little speech we had planned to excuse our sudden appearance, the other day, in the apartment of Edwina Prue, who is one of those delightful young women now busily engaged in helping to make *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* the inimitable success that it is. But once we were arrived, it was Edwina who had to do the explaining.

We didn't recognize her. Or, that is, we did, and yet—was it really she? The piquant nose, the pouting lips, the wistful outline of her profile when she turned her head a little—these were certainly Edwina, but what *had* she done to her hair? It was bobbed as usual, but instead of being severe and golden as we have always known it, it was brunette and wavy. Our lips must have framed the question, for Edwina answered blithely, "Transformation."

We certainly should not have believed it. I fact, if we hadn't been making a call on an Edwina whom we knew to be a blonde, we certainly should not have questioned it at all. To suspect *that* lovely hair of being a transformation!—, you may be more blasé than we are, but we'd like to try the stunt on you. We'd like to take you—where Edwina took us later, when we assured her that we were decidedly, breathlessly interested—to that shop, where they create these wonderful things, and sell them. And we defy you to suspect, even though you know you are in a place committed to transformations, that the charming lady who greets you at the door is really wearing one—which she is—and not to let us hear you breathe a sigh of envy for her beautiful hair. Only when you look at the show case, we dare say, will you be sure of the truth, for it is obvious that the magnificent blonde and brunette coiffures within it cannot possibly belong to the smiling waxen faces that look out from beneath them.

We asked to know more about these transformations, and we were told—and shown—by the head of the establishment. As he gave us one of them to touch, so that we might feel its soft waviness, he explained, in his winning French accent, that the hair was naturally wavy, and that was why—unlike straight hair, waved by artificial means—it would keep its lovely undulations after months of wearing.

"But how," we asked, our amazement still undiminished, "do you manage to make it look so natural as to seem a direct growth from the scalp? Suppose a woman had long hair—would't it be too bulky for her to wear a transformation over it?"

He assured us that it would not. "We just pin her own hair down close," he said, "and since the transformation is always made to exact individual measurements, it fits right over her head as perfectly"—he turned to Edwina—"well, as perfectly as Miss Prue's. And since, unlike Miss Prue's transformation, it usually matches the wearer's own hair to the fraction of a shade, the illusion is complete."

For not all women, we remembered then, wore transformations "just for fun"—like Edwina. We thought of hair that had been too much waved, or dyed, or perhaps thinned from illness, and of how comfortably it could rest and grow better beneath a gossamer-light transformation. (These are made on foundations of net that weigh, literally, almost nothing.) And of what a delight it must be to the wearer to blossom out suddenly into new beauty—the beauty of lovely hair, arranged with perfect becomingness.

In matters of becomingness and style, one's own hair simply cannot compete with these transformations, which is why, in *envoi,* so many smart women are wearing transformations!

For information as to where these transformations may be obtained, write The Vanity Box, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th Street, New York City.*

NOTES FOR PEACOCK ALLEY

Do you want to add a touch of tasteful feminine swank to your costume? Let me tell you about my newest discovery, the captivating compact called Vanity Fair, which Terri has just brought out. Another of those taking little frivolities that have delighted the womanly heart since the fall of Eve.

To begin with, Vanity Fair looks as if it might be something else—a tiny *bijou* of a note book, perhaps—with its polished black bakelite cover overlapping the inner case at the edge like the cover of a book and the head of a gold-tipped pencil peering out from a hollow at the hinge. It intrigues that

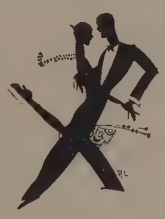
perverse delight we all have in something dressed like something else.

It's an aristocratic looking little case, too, with the Terri crest in gold on the corner—if one may be permitted the adjective in these *degage* days. Fits in, too, with this season's vogue for black, black, *black*—everywhere, even in accessories.

Although slim enough to slip easily into one's purse, Vanity Fair is truly *compact* and contains a generous supply of excellent Terri cosmetics. There is a smooth, neatly spreading, non-

greasy lip stick in a slim, flat holder—face rouge and powder, very fine, velvety, clinging and tinged with enthralling perfume. Quite an experience if you are at all a connoisseur of *les poudres*. The shades are true and blend well; Blanche, Naturelle and Rachel in the powder; Coral with an orange cast, a Medium Rose tint and a vivid Raspberry in the rouge. Refills, of course, are available.

The mirror in Vanity Fair is a positive find—actually large enough to re-



flect one's whole face at one time—and soothingly flattering, too.

The tiny, gold-tipped pencil so ingeniously tucked away at the hinge enables one to preserve many a priceless bit of information that would otherwise be forgotten—the location of an enticing shop glimpsed from a car window—a friend's new address.

An amusing aspect of Vanity Fair is the possibility of removing the fitted compartments in a whimsical moment and turning Vanity Fair into a cigarette case, for the resulting cavity is just cigarette length!

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TAKING TEA WITH LORELEI LEE

(*Continued from page* 12)

though not a presence. Her mother, who loved the stage, though she had never appeared on it, often told her small daughter stories of the great actress, the child's aunt, who had played Nancy Sykes with such power that emotional women in the audience were stirred to hysterics. The aunt was Lucille Western.

"She was my sister, dear," said June Walker's mother proudly. She told the child stories of the father of the Western sisters, a man with merry eyes and a generous store of quips, who spent a good deal of time in turning himself from a white man to a black. He was a minstrel. The child tore rose-leaves from her mother's hat, dipped them in a bowl of water, stained her cheeks with them and went to school. Self-taught lessons in make-up. It was in the natural unfoldment, then, of an inherited talent that various directors assisted. Some good, some bad characters. The bad ones had their uses, she believes, in the process of development.

Through them she learned to think for herself. To walk, without aid of extended arm, through complexities. From Winifred Lenihan, whom she rates high in directorship, she learned much of *tempo* and of projection and the meticulousness of characterization.

"We used to rehearse plays in the Theatre Guild until we found ourselves on the floor," she said.

"Why on the floor?" I asked.

"Because the tendency in earnest rehearsals is to get to the floor," was her answer with June Walker's "Anyway, that's what I think about it" manner.

PEAKS OF ACHIEVEMENT

"LIFE is a landscape. We look back at its peaks of achievement. What do you regard as the peaks in your ten years' stretch of theatrical landscape?"

"I don't think there have been any peaks," she answered quickly, to be reproved by her cousin. "Why, June! Of course you have. Lilly in *Glory Hallelujah* was a peak."

June Walker raised her eyes to the portrait of kneeling Lilly in a painting over the mantel. It was a portrait Albert Sternes had made of her in the character of the scrubwoman.

"Perhaps," she answered dubiously. "I wonder, though, if the scrubwoman was a peak."

"Then Irma Szabo in *The Glass Slipper,*" urged her admiring cousin. Miss Walker remained doubtful.

"Sadie Cohen in *Processional,*" persisted Cousin Fay.

June Walker's face glowed. *"Processional!"* she cried. "I loved it. I could never understand why everybody didn't love it. Yes, I'll grant you that, in so far as gratification in playing it is concerned, Sadie Cohen in that play was a peak. *Betrothal,* though, at the beginning, was a peak because we youngsters gamboled through it and loved it so. Some of my experiences while I was in stock—and I was entrusted with parts of some importance in Edward Robbins' Players in Toronto—were, relatively, peaks.

"But not the slaveys and cockneys. It was because I was afraid I might be kept in those parts and"—she laughed—"because I wanted the money, that I was willing to play Lorelei Lee. I am under contract to play her until next June. I believe that the reason she has been such a success is that she is so well equipped with 'wise-cracks.' Wise-cracks that are new."

A THEATRICAL WOOING

IT was her allusion to "Jeff" and his need of quiet for his writing, a quiet that was supplied by the apartment to which they had moved in October, that brought forth the story of the wooing that led to a simple wedding on June 28 in Chicago.

"We had known each other in New York for four years. I had first met his father, Frederick Kerr. He is a darling and I love older people. He came into Charles Cherry's apartment while I was dining with Mr. Cherry. I insisted upon giving him my dinner. He thought that a very unusual proceeding. I didn't. I wasn't hungry.

"Geoffrey and I met at a party. Occasionally he called on me in New York, but it was Chicago and propinquity that brought about our marriage. He was playing in *Divorçons* in the theatre next door to the one in which I played in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.* We lived at the same hotel. I don't remember any actual proposal."

"People don't propose any more," volunteered Cousin Fay. "It's just understood that some day they will marry and they do."

June Walker's shining dark head nestled into the brocade back of her big chair. She laughed up at the tinted ceiling. "I brought it about. I said: 'How much do you pay in this hotel?' I said my apartment in New York cost less."

"The principle that two can live as cheaply as one?"

"More cheaply,' said the bride of last June.

"Unlike Lorelei Lee, you suggest thrift," said I. "We seem to have established a case of June Walker *versus* Lorelei Lee."

June Walker nodded happily.

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WILL JAZZ DIE YOUNG?

(*Continued from page* 20)

has a future. But just what shall that future be?

Shall we have jazz opera, jazz symphonies, jazz art songs, jazz concertos and sonatas, or jazz ballets? First let us look into the matter of opera. To be sure, there are no waltz operas, minuet, or two-step operas. Opera, like the drama, is an outgrowth of religious ceremonies. The miracle plays of the middle ages had something to do with it, as they had with the modern drama. Jazz is fashioned from different materials. It inspires, not thought or emotion, but action. It is primarily an accompaniment to dance steps, to postures, gestures and movements. Most jazz tunes have words of some sort. But, as a rule, they are of no great importance. Jazz requires saxophones, muted trumpets, pounding drums, ringing bells, droning bass viols and the brilliant staccati of the piano. It requires rhythm and cross rhythm. But it needs no words. It cries for instrumental treatment. To say the least, a jazz opera would be monotonous. But it is inconceivable that the new instrumental effects of jazz will not find their way into serious music. Jazz, no doubt, will have some effect on the opera of the future, if it is only to expand the colors of the orchestral accompaniment.

AS for a jazz symphony, there is very little more reason for it than for opera. The symphony developed from dance music. Town pipers playing on the streets of German cities in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, used to invent and play tunes and rhythms, very much as jazz composers to-day fashion their melodies. At first these were not written down, but Bach and other serious composers, listening to these spontaneous musical outbursts, put them down on paper, arranged and adapted them, and made them into suites, first for harpsichord and later for orchestra. The suites were composed of three or four little numbers in contrasting rhythms. There were slow and quick numbers, and there was variation in rhythm, some being in triple and others in double time. From these suites was developed the symphony, the concerto and the sonata. Obviously a symphony is built not upon one rhythm, but upon a series of rhythms. A long work requires variety. A single jazz movement in a symphony might be very effective. But a whole jazz symphony would be as monotonous as a symphony based upon marching tunes.

But if jazz has not enough variety for a symphony, there is no reason why it should not furnish the basis of a shorter orchestral work. It offers great opportunities to writers of symphonic poems, overture and rhapsodies. The best example of serious jazz which has yet been heard is George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." Here jazz is used sanely and ingeniously. Gershwin's jazz opera, "135th Street," was a failure.

THE tendency of the times is to get away from formal things like symphonies and sonatas. Combinations and blendings of the arts are coming into vogue. Colors, sounds, scents, and visual drama are being intermixed. The pantomime ballet is becoming more and more conspicuous in the world of entertainment. In combination with other forms of expression, jazz should be most potent. It is particularly well adapted to the uses of a pantomime ballet of modern life. Jazz reflects the spirit of a certain side of American life. It has something in common with the "go-getting" business man who plays as hard as he works. A striking example of this idea is the ballet, "Skyscrapers," by John Alden Carpenter, which was produced last winter by the Metropolitan Opera Company. Carpenter's music contains too much Stravinsky and too little jazz, but it suggests clearly the possibilities and the appropriateness of jazz in real art forms. Why does not some composer try his hand at a symphonic poem dealing with American life?

HIS ZIGZAG TRAIL TO BROADWAY

(*Continued from page* 24)

vaudeville circuits would have none of him nor his sketches. Finding Chicago as chilly as the winds that blow from her lake in December, he entrained for New York.

Then to his cousin, who is of the business department of the New York *Times,* and a job in the promotion department. A meeting with J. P. McEvoy's former secretary who said, "Mac wants somebody to do some research work for him." The month-long job that brought him every evening with sheafs of notes to the elevator whence he looked hungrily to the dining-room of the Algonquin before dining at a cafeteria. Then the jobless and engagementless state from which he escaped with three months on the Mount Vernon newspaper. A scanning of the daily theatrical notes and discovery that *Americana* was a "different" revue by J. P. McEvoy. "Please introduce me," he wrote the author.

Mr. Herndon and William Collier listened to the Rotarian speech and the monologue on matrimony. Came Mr. Collier saying, "That's good. I like your delivery." Came Mr. Herndon with a longer speech. "They are very good. 'Matrimony' doesn't fit the scheme of *Americana* but the Rotarian speech does."

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Casts of Recent Plays

The Captive, a drama, in three acts, adapted by Arthur Hornblow, Jr., from the French of Edouard Bourdet. Presented by Charles Frohman at the Empire, September 29, 1926, with this cast:

Gisele De Montcel, Ann Trevor; Mlle. Marchand, Winifred Fraser; Josephine, Minna Phillips; De Montcel, Norman Trevor; Irene De Montcel, Helen Menken; Jacques Virieu, Basil Rathbone; Georges, Arthur Lewis; Françoise Meillant, Ann Andrews; D'Alguines, Arthur Wontner.

Broadway. Play in three acts by Philip Dunning and George Abbott. Presented by Jed Harris and Crosby Gaige at the Broadhurst, September 16, with this cast:

Nick Verdis, Paul Porcasi; Roy Lane, Lee Tracy; Lil Rice, Clare Woodbury; Katie, Ann Preston; Joe, Joseph Spurin-Calleia; Mazie Smith, Mildred Wall; Ruby, Edith Van Cleve; Pearl, Martha Madison; Grace, Molly Ricardel; Ann, Constance Brown; "Billie" Moore, Sylvia Field; Steve Crandall, Robert Gleckler; Dolph, Henry Sherwood; "Porky" Thompson, William Foran; "Scar" Edwards, John Wray; Dan McCorn, Thomas Jackson; Benny, Frank Verigun; Larry, Millard Mitchell; Mike, Roy R. Lloyd.

Americana. Revue by J. P. McEvoy, at the Belmont Theatre, with Lew Brice and Roy Atwell, presented by Richard Herndon at the Belmont Theatre, July 26, with this cast:

Announcer, Roy Atwell; Tiller Girl, Dorothy Deeder; Ziegfeld Girl, Isabelle Mason; Junior League Girl, Edna Fulling; Charleston Girl, Gay Nell; Duncan Girl, Elizabeth Morgan; Anna Held Girl, Maryon Dale; Garrick Gaieties Girl, Evelyn Bennett; Americana Girl, Betty Compton; Stranger, Tom Burton; Bandit, Edgar Gardiner; Prospect, Charles Butterworth; Second New Yorker, M. Charles Palazzi; Third New Yorker, Arthur Lipson; Ma Potter, Roberta Bellinger; Radio Announcer, M. Charles Palazzi; Gabrielle Gabrilowitch, Arthur Lipson; Wham!, Fred Weeks; Pow!, Tim O'Connor; Bootblack, Louis Lazarin; (Pan-American Quartette), First Barber, Charles H. Downz; Second Barber, Joe E. Loomis; Third Barber, John W. Turner; Fourth Barber, Walter Hilliard.

Two Girls Wanted. Comedy by Gladys Unger in three acts. Presented by John Golden, September 9, with this cast:

Marianna Miller, Nydia Westman; Sarah Miller, Charlotte Denniston; Mrs. Gock, May Duryea; Miss Timoney, Mary Phillips; Mrs. Delafield, Beverly Sitgreaves; Edna Delafield, Grace Menken; Dexter Wright, William Hanley; William Moody, Herbert Saunders; Philip Hancock, Frank Monroe; Jack Terry, Charles Laite; Michael, James C. Lane; Johnny, John Humphrey.

Castles in the Air. Musical Comedy. Presented by James W. Elliott. Book and lyrics by Raymond W. Peck, music by Percy Wenrich. At the Selwyn, September 6, with this cast:

Amos, Robert Williamson; Annie Moore, Joyce White; George Sedgwick, Allen Waterous; Philip Rodman, Stanley Forde; Mme. Joujou Durant, Claire Majette; Evelyn Devine, Vivienne Segal; Count Draga, Richard Farrell; Monty Blair, Bernard Granville; John Brown, J. Harold Murray; General Slodak, Walter Edwin; Kemlar, William Hasson; The Chancellor, Gregory Ratoff; Lieutenant, Edward Gorman; The Queen Regent, Thais Lawton; Ballet Dancer, Mary Hutchinson.

Queen High. Musical comedy in three acts. Presented at the Ambassador Theatre. Book by Laurence Schwab and B. G. De Sylva; music by Lewis E. Gensler; lyrics by B. G. DeSylva; book directed by Edgar McGregor. Settings by Willy Pogany. Musical numbers staged by Sammy Lee. Presented by Laurence Schwab, September 8, with this cast:

T. Boggs John, Charles Ruggles; George Nettleton, Frank McIntyre; Richard Johns, Clarence Nordstrom; Jimmy, Edwin Michaels; Jerry Vanderholt, John Rutherford; Polly Nettleton, Mary Lawlor; Mrs. Nellie Nettleton, Helen Carrington; Florence Cole, Luella Gear; Coddles, Gaile Beverly; Patricia, June Odea; Kitty, Barbara Grace.

The Judge's Husband. Three-act comedy by William Hodge. Presented by Lee Shubert at the 49th Street Theatre, September 27, with this cast:

Marg, Jessie Crommette; Stella, Dorothy Walters; John Findley, Charles. F. McCarthy; Alice Kirby, Ruth Lyons; Mrs. Judge Kirby, Gladys Hanson; Joe Kirby, William Hodge; Harry Fitch, Alexander Clark, Jr.; Dan Reynolds, Richard Gordon; Sophie, Marie Haynes; Clerk of the Court, Francesca Hill; Court Stenographer, Irene Blare.

She Couldn't Say No. Farce in three acts by B. M. Kaye. Presented by A. E. and R. R. Riskin at the Booth Theatre, August 31, with this cast:

Walter Turnbull, Ralph Kellard; Christopher Morton, Chester Clute; Alice Hinsdale, Florence Moore; Eddie Page, Frank Beaston; Mary Hudson, Helen Spring; Eliphalet Potter, Joseph Dailey; Hank Smith, Louis Haines; Ely Sweezey, John A. Regan; Judge Jenkins, Walter Jones; Ezra Pine, Paul Porter; Pansy Hooper, Fay Courteney.

Naughty Riquette. Musical play in two acts by Oscar Straus. Presented by Messrs. Shubert at the Cosmopolitan Theatre, September 13, with this cast:

Faverolle, Manager, Walter Armin; Alphonse La Fleur, George A. Schiller; Clarisse, his wife, Audrey Maple; Gaston Riviere, Alexander Gray; Simone, Telephone Girl, Connie Emerald; Yvette, Telephone Girl, Leonoria Spiro; Theophile Michu, Stanley Lupino; Bardou, Joseph Spree; Riquette Duval, Mitzi; Liane De Soucy, Mary Marlowe; Dupont, Oliver Hagan; Maurel, Peter Hawley; Abri-Dabri, Edward Basse; Lord Dillington, Oliver Hagan; Maitre d'Hôtel, Joseph Spree; Prof. DuBose, Walter Armin; Dean, Sylvan Lee; Julie, Jane Moore; Colonel Latour, Oliver Hagan; Captain Duroc, Peter Hawley.

The Ramblers. Musical comedy in two acts and ten scenes. Guy Bolton, Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Presented by Philip Goodman at the Lyric Theatre, September 20, with this cast:

Black Pedro, William E. Browning; Pancho, Horton Spurr; Joe Small, Lloyd Pedrick; Anita, Eleanor Daws; Neil Farnham, William Sully; Carter, Alfred Watson; Jenny Wren, Ruth Tester; Prof. Cunningham, Bobby Clark; Sparrow, Paul McCullough; Ronald Boche, Blaine Cordner; Billy Shannon, Jack Whiting; Ruth Chester, Marie Saxon; Fanny Furst, Georgia O'Ramey; Nettie Field, Norma Gallo; The Old Father, Henry Parmane; Lida Belmont, Marguerita Murray; A Bootlegger, John Klendon; Dapper Dan, Richy Craig, Jr.; Hazel Knott, Winefride Verina; Lotta Moore, Nita Jacques.

Honeymoon Lane. Musical comedy in a prolog, two acts and ten scenes. Book, lyrics and music by Eddie Dowling and James Hanley. Presented by A. L. Erlanger, at the Knickerbocker Theatre, September 20, with this cast:

Mary Brown, Pauline Mason; Ruth Adams, Martha Morton; Honey Duke, Johnny Marvin; Tim Murphy, Eddie Dowling; John Brown, George Pauncefort; Ted Kleinz, Al Sexton; Ethel Jackson, Florentine Gosnova; Matty Pathe, Gordon Dooley; Florence O'Denishawn, Florence O'Denishaven; Dream Man, Worthe Faulkner; Station Master, Jerre McAuliffe; Conductor, John McAvoy; Tiny Little, Kate Smith; Porter, Dick Wheaton; A Passenger, Alyce Johnstone; Mrs. Nelligan, Josie Intropodi; Addie, Adelaide Seaman; Mazie Buck, Helyn Eby-Rock; Jessie, Ivy Palmer; Leo Scamp, Leo Beers; The Boss, Bernard Randall; Patrick Kelly, D. J. Sullivan; Elsie, Ethel Allys; Edith, Edith Sheldon; (Bell Boys), Charles Davis, Dick Wheaton, Charles Walker and Louis Simons.

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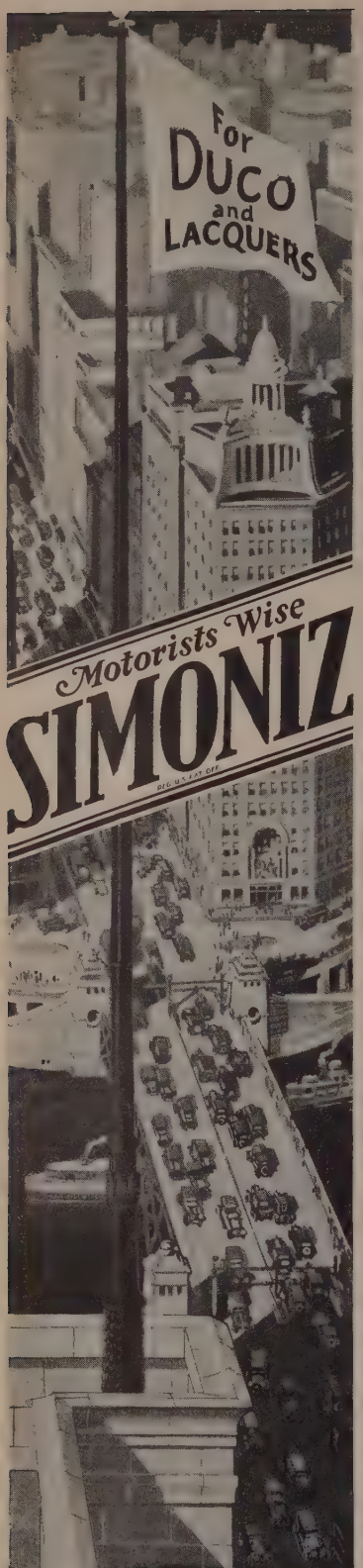

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 18)

snatch Angelo's weapon. He does, and becomes the lion tamer. He conquers the lions, only to find himself victim of his conquest. Defeated, the idealist submits to the brutality of the lions and is devoured. But his rapier is quickly taken up by the next generation, another Lord John Lonsdale. Once more the idealist versus the brute. Lord Lonsdale, (Ian Maclaren), gave a pleasant performance. Angelo (Otto Hulicius), did not quite belong to his brass buttons, walrus mustache and whip; Lily Lubell, the snake charmer, deserves much applause, but most goes to Albert Caroll (Vicomte des Adrets), the gentleman interested only in aphrodisiacal expression, who savors the satire with some of its original French flavor.

RAUCITY and din, comparable only with the delirium of Election night, pervade the stage at the Comedy, where Horace Liveright presents *Black Boy*. Long after one leaves the theatre echoes of "White trash," "black nigger," "white," "black," "black," "white" keep ringing in one's ears. Jim Tully, author of *Outside Looking In,* collaborated with Frank Dazey in writing this play, the story of a negro prize-fighter who, untrained, knocks out the white champion, and thereafter lives in luxury in a garish apartment in Harlem, lavishing his wealth on a "white faced" paramour and many hangers-on, until his manager "frames" a drinking-party the day of the big fight, getting Black Boy drunk, and causing him to lose to the white. Simultaneous with his defeat, his friends forsake him, taking all his clothes—except his overalls, because they're needed to finish the play—and the erstwhile champion discovers that his sweetheart, Irene, "the white moon in the black sky," is actually colored. Out of his home she must go. He is left with but one friend, one-armed "Eddie," who, in the psychological moment, suggests to the despairing ex. that, after all, sunny California, where birds sing in the sky, where they can lie on their backs jus' as long as they like, and, Black Boy adds, where they don't hate negroes—only Japs—, is just the place for the two of them.

Paul Robeson, in the title rôle, gives a sympathetic performance, except that with a voice like his, he should be better able to give subtler shadings to its nuances. The theme of the play being as loud and hard as it is, he is inclined to add too much sound, making the audience tone-deaf. Edith Warren, who played Irene, was never intended as a paramour. She might have used her miscast naïve tone and escaping broad "ahs" to better advantage. "Mauler," the white champion whom Black Boy first defeated, and "Whitey," the hard-soft guy, Edward Gargan, are capital "tough" characters. The best feature in the play was the radio scene, in which all of Black Boy's friends, including Irene (in her extravagantly gay pajamas), listen in while the Radio Announcer, Major J. Andrew White, broadcasts the "Black Boy-White Man" Fight.

A SECTION of a play is how *Tragic 18,* produced at the Charles Hopkins playhouse, might be defined. It has only material enough for a subplot of a drama. It is so skimpy and immature that its young author, Maurice Clark, needs a much longer training in dramaturgy before he becomes entitled to serious critical consideration. He tells how a callow youth falls violently in love—it's his first experience—with a chorus girl who turns out to be a divorcée with a young child. He is heart-broken and they part and that is all there is to the story. Neil Martin played the love-sick youth with earnestness and true feeling, but he too needs schooling in clearer utterance.

MR. E. J. ROTH, who wrote the story, *The Nervous Wreck,* which was the basis of Owen Davis's comedy of that name, also wrote a novel called *The Dark Chapter,* which fell into the hands of Courtenay Savage, who wreaked upon it a dramatization produced at Wallack's Theatre under the title *They All Want Sympathy.* Like so many inexpert dramatizations, it rambled dreadfully, and while there were some comic moments, there were more that were boresome. It narrates the experiences of a young man who gets into a family of social climbers disguised as a tramp. He is taken up by the mother who has a craze for uplift, and he is made the chauffeur. He then becomes everybody's confidant and is the *deus ex machina* in all sorts of little plots. As a matter of course, he becomes engaged to the daughter of the house, and then turns out to be a young man of considerable social importance. It's the kind of thing that was popular in the days when the *New York Ledger* was the leading weekly story paper. William T. Tilden 2nd, erstwhile famous as a tennis player, was the chief actor. He was supported by Billy Quinn as an *enfant terrible*—which he truly was. One performance stood out by that very capable comedian of the old school, Charles S. Abbe, who appeared as the comedy father.

GARRETT CHATFIELD PIER, an Egyptologist of authority, is the author of *The Jewelled Tree.* Expert as he may be in his specialty, he is not happy as a dramatist. His play

(*Continued on page* 70)

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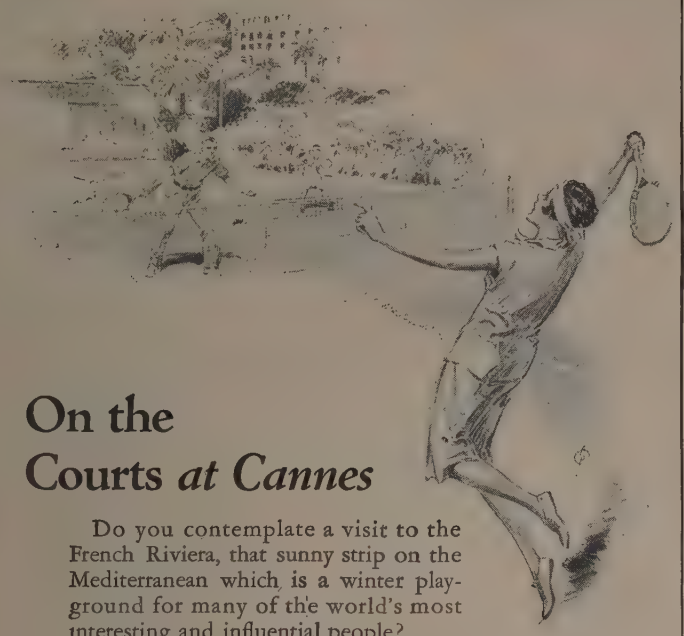

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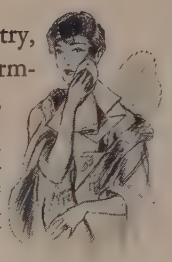

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page 68*)

is a jumbled Egyptian fable devoid of theatrical interest and heavy, labored and confused in its treatment. But the setting by Willy Pogany is really beautiful and the costumes rich, handsome, picturesque and of undoubted archæological accuracy. But it is all wasted. Nor is the acting of a kind that one either demands or expects on Broadway.

UNSHEPHERDED by Belasco, Willard Mack made a distinct personal hit at the Hudson Theatre with his latest play, *The Noose*. It is here referred to as his latest, though in a curtain speech on the opening night he wished us distinctly to understand that it was written a year ago. This solicitude was no doubt due to the fact that the play bears a certain structural likeness to *Broadway*—a reigning attraction.

A misguided youth having shot a man in cold blood is about to be executed. The scene opens in the home of one Governor Bancroft, where there is much influence at work to have the boy's death stayed. He has maintained a mysterious silence as to motive, and the Governor is urged for this reason, to give the defending lawyer time to clear up the mystery. While the harassed Governor, whose wife pleads in the boy's behalf, asks time to consider, the scene changes and there is a flash back to a cabaret, and the murder is re-enacted. This scene, which forms the second act of the play, is full of color, abandon, and excitement, and raised the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm. The mystery is solved for the audience, but not for the Governor or his wife. To reveal it, would destroy the suspense and enjoyment of future audiences. But so much has been shown to illustrate the fine character of the boy, and the utter worthlessness of his victim, that the Governor is compelled to commute his sentence in the end.

The boy was played with equal pathos and strength by Rex Cherryman. He will be heard from. The Governor—a difficult part—taxed the resources of that fine actor, Mr. Lester Lonergan, but he conveyed it flawlessly. George Nash played the sinister ruffian who deserved his fate, and played it as only an actor of Mr. Nash's experience and training could have done. Two young women, one as a cabaret girl, the other as the sweetheart of the boy, proved real discoveries. The former was played by Barbara Stanwyck; the latter by Helen Flint.

WE Americans, produced at the Sam H. Harris Theatre, deals with an interesting subject, but it does not deal with it dramatically. The authors, Milton Herbert Gropper and Max Siegel, project a very grantable proposition—that the children of imported foreigners, ignorant and bigoted, are in revolt against their parents—but they have scarcely laid the foundation of a story in their first act before they shift their scene to a night school attended by the parents, where all the proceedings become farcical and they never restore the play to its original purport. Many laughs are created in the second act. But this one-act vaudeville sketch does not redeem the play as a play.

The company, largely recruited from our local Yiddish theatres, was very capable. Mimi Wisentrend as the Orthodox father, and Clara Langsner as his wife, are fine artists in their class. Sam Mann had a sure touch as a comedian—another of the night-school parents.

DOSTOIEVSKY'S famous novel, *Crime and Punishment* in play form, is not a novelty on the local boards. Mansfield did a version here some twenty years ago at the Garrick, under the title of *Rodion the Student*. The play tells the story of a young Russian whose philosophy it is that the world were better off if some of its objectionable members were removed. Being at the same time hard pressed for cash, he has little compunction in calling on an old woman money lender and killing her with an axe. In the present Lawrence Irving version at the Greenwich Village Theatre certain liberties have been taken with the author's text. The woman money lender becomes a grubby, grasping landlord who has made objectionable overtures in lieu of rent to a girl of the streets, a gentle, pathetic creature named Sonia. The crime is discovered and suspicion falls on two workmen, but Bezak, the examining magistrate (Petrovitch, the detective, of the novel), by adroit questioning, gentle and otherwise, gradually drags out the truth and the remorse-stricken Rodion, urged on by Sonia who appeals to his better nature, takes his punishment.

As Rodion, the avowed protagonist of individualism, Basil Sydney suggests the tortured student with vanity, distinction and restrained force. There is breezy good nature to Thomas Chalmer's impersonation of Kashkin the friend, while an exceeding deft semi-comic impersonation of a pompous, but timid young doctor, is contributed by Junius Matthews. Gromoff, the arch key of the tragedy, is finely delivered by David Londau, while Mary Ellis brings all her emotional talents to bear on Sonia. But the brilliant hit of the performance was made by Sydney Greenstreet as Bezak. With all the resources of the old school at his finger-tips, he gave a rendering quite wonderful in its vigor, humor and engrossing breadth of illuminating detail.

(*Continued on page 72*)

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 70)

PHILIP BARRY calls his new offering, *White Wings,* at the Booth, a "play." More properly it should be described as a fantasy and a somewhat weird one at that. Its action takes place in the streets of an American city at varying intervals between 1895 and 1915. To the man in the street it would seem as if the author were striving to picture the clash between the past generation with that of the present.

The Inches are a family devoted to horse-flesh in the abstract and to street cleaning as a concrete form of livelihood. The invasion of the auto is their undoing. What changes come into their life during this transition is the plot developed with some skill of satiric observation, much irrelevant talk and a rather feeble technical equipment. To me, it was quite evident that neither Mr. Barry's labors nor the time, thought, and money that Mr. Winthrop Ames had put into its production were worth the while. As a satire, it hung fire. A memory of the late Col. Waring, the man who put into his White Wings (street cleaners) the military *esprit,* found its counterpart in Major Philip E. Inch, who convinced, as the last horse in New York is shot, that his life work is ended, dies of a broken heart and is bundled away in a landau with the carcass of the defunct equine. Albert Tavernier was excellent in this rôle.

This is an example of the play's satiric intent. A trifle emphasized for grown-up consumption. Its conclusion is rendered really tragic by the skilled pathos of William Norris as the Colonel's son. Forced at the conclusion to assist in the collection of garbage, he is whirled away as an assistant on a gasoline-propelled vehicle devoted to that useful, if unpicturesque occupation. The love interest is supplied by the Colonel's grandson and the daughter of the inventor of a horseless wagon. Neither Tom Powers or Winifred Lenihan as the protagonists were able to give it any interest. J. M. Kerrigan was duly quaint as an old-time driver and Arthur B. Allen imparted some character to the inventor.

But William Norris and George Ali carried away the acting honors. The latter impersonated the horse.

IN a prologue to-day, in *The Ladder,* at the Mansfield, Margaret Newell (Antoinette Perry), turns down a suitor, on account of his materialism, and still another, because her marriage with him would interfere with her career as a composer. Life is to her a riddle and there is some feeble talk about reincarnation.

Presto! The scene changes, and back we are wafted to a Norman Castle, time 1300. The heroine of the prologue becomes obviously the protagonist of an early English tragedy who is condemned to be burnt as a witch. Evidently she has killed a husband for love of another, who respects her. Of its relevancy to the players of the prologue absolutely nothing. Act II: England during the reign of the dissolute Charles. Miss Perry, who is the star of all this, now becomes a successful actress kept by the Earl of Arlington, pursued by the King and still in love with a husband she believes is dead. The same actors take on new rôles, but of their relevancy to what has gone before—again nothing. Act III: New York in 1844. Miss Perry is this time a lame spinster who tries to bring cheer and hope into a household befuddled by hypocritical intolerance set off by platitudinous benevolence and then presto! We're back to where we began. Miss Newell has dreamed all this and as original suitor No. 2 will not have to go to South America, she grabs him and there you are, a matter of three one-act futile plays presented before a background of really splendid opulence, and with wonderful costumes of the most lurid and admirable texture.

Of course each principal player enacts at least four different characters. Miss Perry is at her best in episode three. To speak frankly, she is not equal to the protean and herculean task she assumes. But Hugh Buckler is dashing as the courtier and deftly characteristic as a saloon-keeper of the Forties. Vernon Steele as Roger Covill, gave an exceptionally graphic rendering of a self-satisfied and self-tortured merchant of New York when Pierce was President. Some deft vignettes of character were contributed by Montague Rutherfurd, Edgar Stehli and Anita Damrosch.

IF you are ready to grant that, to the man in the street, sufficient interest attaches to the struggles of a playwright endeavoring to find material for a new comedy, you will justify the choice of such a theme on the part of Ralph Murphy, but if you are not, you—being a man in the street—will be considerably bored by the play produced at the newest theatre—The Waldorf, entitled *Sure Fire.* Mr. Murphy ships his hero into some small town and sets him to dramatizing the staple incidents of all such communities with his ever-ready typewriter. These incidents are only intermittently amusing. The cast comprises Robert Armstrong, who not so long ago distinguished himself as the prize-fighter in *Is Zat So.* He carries himself easily; as dóes Hugh O'Connell as his friend—a sapient dramatist with a formula for "sure fire" stuff. There may be some inventiveness in the idea of this play, but there is little in its execution, and the whole thing seems to smack of a

(*Concluded on page* 74)

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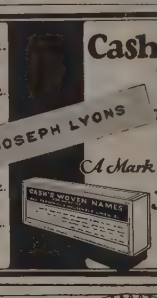

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., *required by the Act of Congress of August* 24, 1912, of THEATRE MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1926, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Theatre Magazine, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge, and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication, for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Theatre Magazine Co., 2 West 45th St., New York. Editor, Arthur Hornblow, 2 West 45th St., New York. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Paul and Louis Meyer, 2 West 45th St., New York. That the owners are: The Theatre Magazine Company, 2 West 45th St., New York; Mrs. Georgine Stern, 301 West 108th St., New York; Mr. Louis Meyer, 2 West 45th St., New York; Mr. Paul Meyer, 2 West 45th St., New York; Mr. F. E. Allardt, 2 West 45th St., New York. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders, as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholders or security holders appear upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given: also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and the affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed by LOUIS MEYER, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1926. [SEAL] GEORGE H. BROOKE, Notary Public, New York Co., No. 369, Register's No. 5166. (Term expires March 30, 1927.)

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Concluded from page* 72)

wasted effort, although Mr. Rollo Lloyd, labored very conscientiously.

ON Approval, the new Lonsdale farce at the Gaiety, is mildly amusing entertainment, but the humor is so forced that most of it falls flat. There are only four characters. Mrs. Wislack, a wealthy widow, wants to marry again. After eighteen years experience with a drunkard for a husband she decides to be careful in making her next choice. When Richard Halton, a bashful old bachelor friend, finally summons up courage to propose, she suggests they spend a month together at her house in Scotland—a sort of trial marriage with separate apartments. They proceed North, accompanied by the Duke of Bristol, an impecunious peer seeking an heiress, and Helen Hayle, a philosophical friend of Mrs. Wislack's. When they arrive in Scotland they find that all the servants in the Wislack household have fled, so it is up to Mrs. Wislack and her guests to do the daily chores. This humanizing process does not fail to bring out the real character—good and bad—of each and after several stormy scenes, in which each tells the other the truth, Richard deserts Mrs. Wislack and runs off with Helen, while the bad-tempered hostess gets what satisfaction she can in company with the half-wit peer.

Violet Kemble Cooper gave distinction to the rôle of Mrs. Wislack. Helen MacKellar did well as Helen. The Duke of Bristol was amusingly played by Hugh Wakefield. But why Wallace Eddinger, who is nothing if not typically American, in the rôle of a middle-aged Englishman?

HEARD ON BROADWAY

(*Concluded from page* 34)

I REMEMBER when I was a small boy, I always looked upon Hoboken as the place from which the crowded East Side imported its sour German bands. I liked to imagine that it was there that Heinie took his rest when, after a hard day, he returned home with his trombone. It was the comic relief in the tense drama—*New York.* And now, that melancholy Hamlet wants to play tragedy. The other night at *Juarez and Maximilian,* there sat among the jazz intellectuals a MRS. MYERS, the PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE VON WITTELSBACH, the ghost-song of Werfels' romantic tragedy. She represents the last vestige of monarchy on the American continent. The Princess lives in Hoboken and dreams of castles in the gay days of the Vienna of the Hapsburgs. Hoboken!—alas, these comedians will turn tragedians and make us pay in tears for our ribald laughter.

BROADWAY knows no color line. The Jim Crow mind is as out of place in that oasis of lights and jazz as a Franciscan Monk at an Earl Carroll party. Time there was when the inimitable WILLIAMS was accepted, but not without much philanthropic prologue, in which his great talent was offered in extenuation for any privileges granted him, as favor, which belonged to him by divine rights of man. To-day, the children of Ham romp about our stages, their pigmented skins sharing the sacred halo of the "spot" with their pale-faced brethren in the Temple of Thespis. There is PAUL ROBESON, whose picture of the child—"Black Boy," his head turned and his black soul twisted by too much success, goes down to defeat before forces his poor mind cannot understand or battle, and JULIUS BELDSOE, whose singing in *Deep River* falls upon the ear like a whispering of flowers when the night winds play among them. And CHARLOTTE MURRAY, the Voodo queen.

Once Topsy exhibited her mimicry to the master and his guests, receiving an extra piece of corn bread for her talents. But that was some time ago and below the Mason-Dixon line. Things have changed—the Jim Crow cars have given way to the private motor and Topsy is no longer asked to sway and moan for a piece of corn bread. Up North, back of the Macy-Gimbel line she is headlined as FLORENCE MILLS, and occupies Number 1 dressing-room—the place of honor—for the anointed of the *Varieties.*

DIGGING DITCHES FOR D. W. GRIFFITH

(*Continued from page* 40)

him, or their daughter to marry a man like him, when she grows up.

Himself an orphan at three, his keen sympathy for parentless children inspired him to go to the Hollywood Orphanage every Christmas since he has been financially able to, and play Santa Claus.

"Last Christmas," he said, "I mailed them a bunch of telegrams that the Superintendent read to the children at regular intervals before I appeared. First one said that I was still in Alaska, and might not get there—fifteen minutes later, he read the next wire that said I was in Montreal—on my way—and there was a slight chance of making it.

"The next that I had reached San Francisco—and the last that I was in Hollywood—driving like mad. By that time I was right outside the big hall where they were assembled, ringing the sleigh bells—all the toys about me. I dashed in, with loud cheers. The children screamed. It was glorious."

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L—ISMS

(*Continued from page* 36)

starring vehicle for Paramount, *Hotel Imperial.*

NOW that some are beginning to forget Irving Berlin's "Remember," the motion pictures are stepping in to place it before our eyes. The Columbia Pictures borrowed Dorothy Phillips, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer featured player to star in *The Better Way,* the film version of the popular song.

DICK TALMADGE (not related to Norma and Constance), leaped forty-two feet from a roof to the ground, jumped twenty feet from a window to the coping of a building below, bridged a chasm astride a horse, and performed some other daredevil stunts in *The Fighting Don,* which the athletic star is producing for Universal. At $200,000 apiece, we do hope that Dick will survive a few more pictures—so that he'll manage to keep the wolf away from the door.

THE goat is a very important animal in the life of Italian mountain folk—*but* milking him was one of the avocations Ann Rork had never indulged in before. As Santuzza, the Italian girl whose romantic elopement caused her to be banished with her lover to the mountains, in *The Blonde Saint,* Ann had to go to a near-by farmer who owned a goat—and take lessons.

WHO is the man who can portray William McKinley on the screen? Famous-Players-Lasky Corporation is searching for a living likeness of the former President to appear in *Rough Riders.* Communicate with Fred Datig, casting director, in the Hollywood studio, if you are the man.

TRAVELING WITH THE STARS

(*Continued from page* 4)

Richmond, and Hampton Court, Kew Gardens with its amazing riot of gorgeous flowers, or one or the other of the lovely parks.

St. James Park, one of the smallest but also one of the most exquisite, lay just behind our little home in Cleveland Row and we used to refer to it as our back yard. All through the summer it was a kaleidescope of changing color for it is skillfully planted with a succession of new blooms for every week. It has a fascination, too, in a lovely bit of water, upon which innumerable strange fowl disport themselves. I was fascinated watching a flock of baby diving ducks who, by the time I left, were babies no longer.

The little house in which I lived would delight the traveler who loves an atmosphere of the past. Naturally I was interested in the story that Nell Gwyn had lived there at one time and that it was from this old house that she used to sally forth to chat with her Royal lover "over the garden wall" of the adjacent palace. When building construction drove me from this quiet little spot I found a house in the Park Lane section which was as capacious as the Cleveland Row house had been tiny. It also had its associations, and solid, splendid comfort. Here Florence Nightingale lived and died, as a tablet on the front of the house testified. From my dining-room I walked out into a private garden and from my bedroom I had a beautiful panoramic view of Hyde Park and Piccadilly. It would need a poet to describe the exquisite beauty of changing colors in the sky during the long English twilight. On Sundays there was always the river if one wanted the quiet lazy delightful life of the Thames, or motor trips into beautiful Surrey, Sussex, or Devon where one breaks the day with lunch, tea and dinner at quaint old inns full of interesting memories of the past.

One Sunday I made the pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon which was of course, no new experience for me, and is familiar to most Americans who go to England. But the Shakespeare country is so lovely and the memories so stimulating that I am always glad to repeat the trip. Indeed the whole neighborhood repays any amount of time spent in visiting it and one needs only to mention Warwick and Kenilworth to conjure up a host of fascinating associations.

On one of my holidays I found myself at Rye, a "seaport" ruined by the retirement of the sea. A Watch Tower built in the Twelfth century and a tavern, once the hiding-place of smugglers, are among its many points of interest.

In Stoke Pogis I stood by the grave of the poet Grey, while a softly-played anthem filtered through the air from the little chapel, and the inscription on a near-by tombstone "Peace Only Peace" was truly realized.

And so I could go on indefinitely telling of things that others have seen and enjoyed before me and that have formed the basis of innumerable guide-books and volumes of travel.

Suffice to say that they are joys that are enduring. Whenever one goes abroad, whether to England or other countries, far more is to be seen and reveled in than can be crowded into the lifetime of any one traveler.

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